



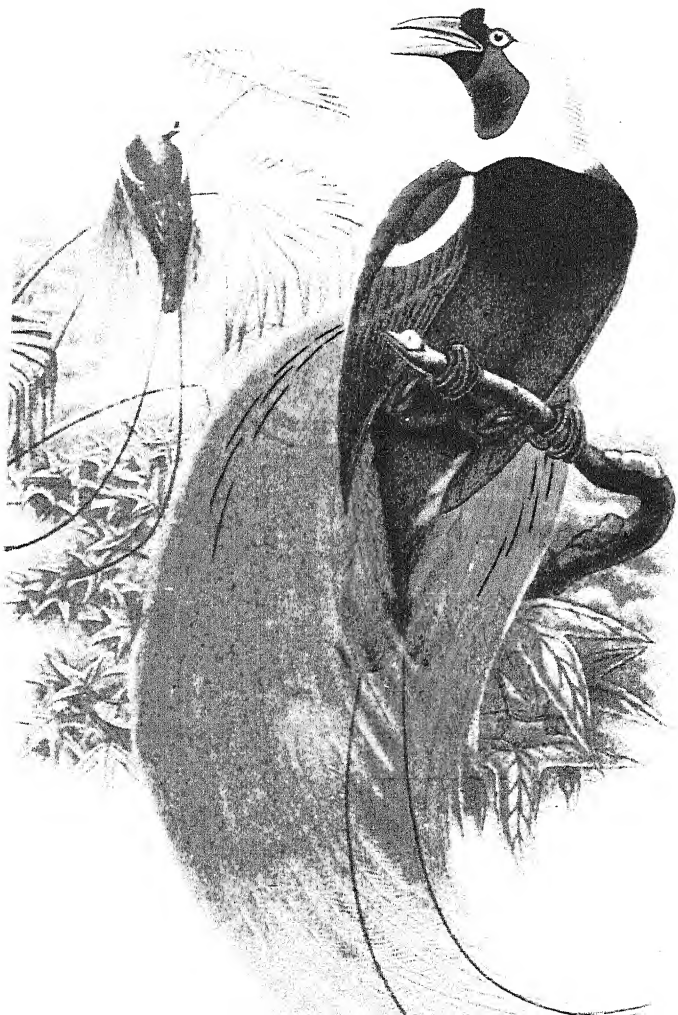
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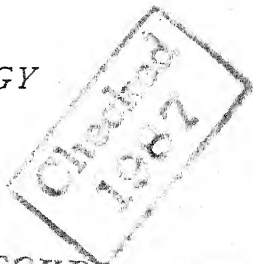


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# THE ISLAND WORLD

*AN ANTHOLOGY  
of the  
PACIFIC*



**CHECKED - 1963**

Edited by  
**CHARLES BARRETT**



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AUSTRALIAN, NEW ZEALAND, AND AMERICAN  
IN THE PACIFIC ZONE

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*Some of the small illustrations are reproduced from Cousins' "The Story of the South Seas" (L.M.S.).*



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## THE PACIFIC

A MEMORABLE DAY was the 26th of September, 1513, in the annals of maritime discovery. On that day the valiant Spaniard Vasco Nunez de Balboa, from the summit of a mountain in the Isthmus of Darien, looked down in admiration and awe upon the seemingly boundless expanse of waters that lay stretched out at his feet. A man of broken fortunes and desperate character, reckless of human life and suffering, athirst for gold, and utterly unscrupulous as to means, Balboa was still susceptible of great and noble emotions, such as the first sight of a hitherto unknown ocean can hardly fail to inspire in minds not utterly devoid of imagination and reverence. Over-powered by the glorious spectacle that on all sides met his enraptured gaze—lofty mountains clad with magnificent forests, broad valleys intersected by silvery streams, a calm, unruffled sea, as yet unploughed by European keels, as yet unwhitened by European sails—the daring adventurer dropped on his knees, and offered up his humble tribute of thanks to the Creator. Then springing to his feet, and all aglow with ambition and loyalty, he hurried down to the shore, and, striding through the waves up to his waist, with buckler and sword held aloft, took possession of the nameless ocean, and all that it

## THE ISLAND WORLD

contained, in the name of His Most Catholic Majesty Ferdinand of Spain.

In those day, however little regard might be paid to Christian ethics, religious forms and observances were venerated even by men of blood and crime. Having discharged what he deemed his duty to his sovereign, Balboa next bethought him of what was due to his Saviour. He accordingly cut out the shape of the Cross on the bark of a tree growing within the influence of the tide, while his comrades carved the emblem of their faith upon many a trunk in the forest that fringed the shore.

Seven years, however, glided past before any European craft spread its canvass to the breeze westward of the mighty continents of America, and the honour of that achievement fell at last, not to a Spanish, but to a Portuguese mariner. Sailing in search of the Molucca Islands, Magellan discovered and passed through the straits that have handed his name down to the present day, and the good ship "Vittoria" showed the way to the isle-begemmed ocean, upon which, deceived by the smoothness of its surface, he conferred the title of Pacific. Pursuing his adventurous course, Magellan came at last to the Ladrone and then to the Philippine Islands, where he lost his life in a dispute with the natives; but the "Vittoria" returned safely to Portugal, the first vessel that had ever circumnavigated the globe.

Throughout the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries the spirit of maritime exploration continued unabated in vigour, and a rapid succession of discoveries kindled and kept alive a passion for distant voyages and expeditions. Within a comparatively short space of time so many clusters of

## THE ISLAND WORLD

considerable islands were found to dot the surface of the southern seas, and break the dreary monotony of their waste of waters, that the name of Polynesia, or many-islanded, was appropriately applied to the vast stretch of ocean comprised within fifty degrees on each side of the prime meridian, and between the fiftieth parallel of south and the thirtieth of north latitude. Strictly speaking, the name was originally confined to the Moluccas, the Philippines, and other islands, which now scarcely come within its modern acceptation, limited by President de Brosses to the various groups lying to the eastward of 130 deg. from Greenwich.

"Missionary Work in the Southern Seas"

—JAMES HUTTON.

The cava feast, the yam, the cocoa's root,  
Which bears at once the cup, the milk, the fruit;  
The bread-tree, which without the ploughshare  
yields,

The unreaped harvest of unfurrowed fields,  
And bakes its unadulterated loaves  
Without a furnace in unpurchased groves,  
And flings off famine from its fertile breast,  
A priceless market for the gathering guest.

"THE ISLAND."



## OCEANIC ISLAND WORLD

EVER since the revival of commerce that preceded the discovery of America, when Columbus was sent, according to his dream, to "unchain the ocean," the Oceanic world of islands, east and west, has been acting like a magnet upon men's curiosity. To the mind of eager youth and sober manhood almost alike, there is an imaginative charm in the very word island; and when you add South Sea or Pacific, the fascination is complete and irresistible. Implying, as it does, remoteness, isolation, solitude, separateness, and linked as it is with romance and fable, adventure and song, it takes a powerful hold on the human imagination. . . .

The great globe itself is but one of the islands in the vast ethereal deep of space comprehended within the limits of our solar system; and the far-reaching instruments of modern astronomy, bring to light island-universes in the depths of immensity, whose outskirts the lightning could not reach in a million years.

God's glorious universe, therefore, may be contemplated as an infinitude of island-worlds; say rather an unexplored bay of islands, in the vast ocean of His own infinity and eternity. Pervading all alike, both the vast and the minute, in an island universe, and in the smallest islet of an earthly isle,

## THE ISLAND WORLD

is the radiant glory of the Creator, always visible, yet never fully revealed. . . .

The island-world of the Pacific is presented to our contemplated in a great variety of interesting aspects and relations. The vast ocean in which it is embosomed, sweeping in latitude from pole to pole, and rolling in longitude over a whole hemisphere, exceeds the area of all the continents and islands of the globe, by ten millions of miles. Dotting it here and there, like stars in the air-ocean above, there are about six hundred and eighty islands of Oceania, exclusive of New Holland, New Zealand, New Caledonia, New Ireland and the Solomons. Yet such is the relative disproportion to the continental world, of these small islands of the deep, to which the winged messengers of commerce and Christianity are now eagerly flying on every breeze, that they are estimated to contain but forty thousand square miles, or less than the single State of New York; and their population, by latest estimates, is but little over five hundred thousand. Within ten millions of square miles, the whole surface exposed above the water, exclusive of New Zealand, does not exceed eighty thousand square miles. . . .

The entire area covered by the coral islands is estimated at nineteen thousand square miles. Area of the basaltic, sixteen thousand square miles. The coral islands are in all stages of formation, from the reef just breasting the breakers, and peering out of the water, and the barren islet of coral sand and sea birds, and springing palm-trees, to the verdant oasis of a thousand years, beauteous with its garland of bread-fruit, pandanus, and the all-answering

## THE ISLAND WORLD

cocoa-nut of the tropics, and surrounded with its barrier and fringing reefs.

The basaltic islands are of all shapes and periods of construction, from the simple volcanic dome or cone, scarcely at all abraded or disintegrated, to irregular mountain heights, having vast craters, with deep gorges between; lofty peaks, abrupt precipices, and sharp saddle ridges of basalt, lava, clinker, scoria, volcanic sand, and debris, some more and others less recent. These volcanic traces extend throughout Polynesia, and clearly show that in ages back, all that vast ocean must have been the bed of an indefinite number of volcanoes, sub-marine or sub-aerial. Besides innumerable subordinate and side vents, it is computed in the Geology of the United States' Exploring Squadron, from old craters now visible, that there could not have been less than one thousand volcanoes in violent, perhaps simultaneous action, from the Hawaiian Islands to New Zealand.

"Island World of the Pacific"

—HENRY CHEEVER.

## MEN OF THE TREES

*Douraga Strait, New Guinea, was visited in 1835 by Lieutenant Kool, with two schooners under his command. None of the many strange things that were seen by these Dutch explorers was more remarkable than the monkey-like gambols of natives in mangrove trees along the shore.—C.B.*

Until four o'clock in the afternoon we saw nothing more of the savages. At that hour, however, we thought we perceived an agitation in the high forest, and shortly afterwards we actually saw several men clambering about in the tops of the trees, and peeping out through the leaves and branches, now here, and now there. It was just high water, and as far as we could perceive the surface of the ground was entirely submerged. Excited by curiosity, and anxious to know what impression the encounter of the morning had made upon the natives, Messrs. Macklot, Van Delden, Van Oort, and I went towards them in a boat. As we approached the shore, we observed that the trees were full of natives. They made a terrible disturbance, sprang about, beckoned, nodded, and gave us to understand by a hundred other motions and gestures that they wished us to land. Our Ceramese interpreter, on his part, was equally active and noisy in inviting them to come to us, for which purpose he

## THE ISLAND WORLD

showed them white calico, strings of beads, and similar presents.

Several of them clambered down from the trees, and advanced beyond the forest with green branches in their hands, the water reaching to their ampits, and sometimes even to their necks. The beckoning and waving of the branches and the loud yelping cries of "Kaka, kaka," "Djewa, djewa," "Njieuba, Njieuba," etc., were without end. They all yelled in a different key, and strove to outvie each other in the shrillness of their voices, and extravagance of their gestures. Their parti-coloured countenances and bewildered hair were displayed very distinctly. The shallowness of the water preventing us from approaching close up to the shore, we were obliged to be satisfied with an inspection from a short distance. Mr. Van Oort profited by this opportunity of making a sketch of the singular scene. . . . After tarrying for about half an hour, we proceeded westward towards the mouth of the creek, the savages following us, clambering through the upper branches of the trees, and over the roots of the mangrove trunks, even like great monkeys, with their naked and dark-coloured bodies. The fall of night obliged us, whether willing or unwilling, to return on board.

"Bijdragen tot de Kennis van Nieuw Guinée"—Dr. S. MULLER.  
(Translated by G. W. Earl).

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## *BIRDS OF PARADISE*

OUR first ramble on shore was attended with but little success. We searched in vain in one of the lesser bays for a patch of beach on which to disembark, but the mangroves, which in these regions obliterate utterly all boundary between sea and land, met us at every turn, and ultimately, scrambling over their slimy roots and struggling up to our knees in the liquid ooze, we had to reach terra firma as best we could. The land rose steeply from the sea, and the jungle, dripping wet from the heavy rain which we had almost constantly experienced since our arrival in New Guinea, rendered our progress anything but comfortable. Forest rambles such as these, it must be confessed, are somewhat trying to the temper. Wet through with perspiration, each yard makes the already streaming traveller, if possible, still wetter, for every leaf encountered pours a little bucket of water upon him as he struggles through the mass of creepers that bar his path. Shooting and walking cannot be combined under such conditions, and almost the only method for the naturalist to obtain specimens is to post himself under some tree in fruit, and to wait patiently until the birds that are feeding upon its summit happen to come within range of his gun.

We returned rather disappointed to the yacht, and

## THE ISLAND WORLD

found that some of the hunters had already got back. They had shot nothing of any particular interest. Presently, however, Usman his his "compagnon de chasse" appeared, triumphant, carefully carrying a prize that we had hoped, but hardly expected to obtain — the curious and exquisitely lovely little *Diphyllodes wilsoni*, smallest of all the Birds of Paradise. Behind the head a ruff of canary-coloured feathers stands erect above the scarlet back and wings. The breast is covered by a shield of glossy green plumes, which towards the throat are marked with metallic green and violet spots of extraordinary brilliancy. The two centre feathers of the tail, prolonged for five or six inches beyond the others, cross one another, and are curved into a complete circle of bright steely purple. But the chief peculiarity of the bird is in the head, which is bald from the vertex backwards, the bare skin being of the brightest imaginable cobalt blue. The bizarre effect thus produced is still further heightened by two fine lines of feathers, which, running lengthways and from side to side, form a dark cross upon the brilliant azure background. I could hardly make up my mind to skin this little ornithological rainbow, whose exquisite plumage it seemed almost a sacrilege to disarrange, but the climate of New Guinea allows of but little delay in this operation, and I set about my task at once. The bird had been scarcely injured by the shot, and I succeeded in making a perfect skin of it. We also added a hen bird of the same species to our collection. Its plumage is of a sober brown, as is the case with the females of all the Paradiseidae, but like the male, the bare head is blue, although not nearly of so bright a colour.

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## THE ISLAND WORLD

Wilson's Bird of Paradise, which we had thus been the first Englishmen to obtain — the naturalists Beccari and Bernstein being the only others who have been fortunate enough to meet with it in its native haunts — is entirely confined to the Batanta and Waigiou Islands, but though we afterwards shot it on the latter, it would seem to be much rarer there, and during Mr. Wallace's two months' visit he failed to obtain it. We found it frequenting trees of no great height at an altitude of seven or eight hundred feet above the sea, and there is no doubt that, like many of the family to which it belongs, it is very local in its distribution. This localisation is not necessarily permanent, but seems to be dependent rather upon the abundance in certain spots of the fruit in season, for most of the Birds of Paradise are in the main frugivorous, although occasionally varying their diet with insects.

We searched the woods in vain for adult males of the Red Bird of Paradise. Females and young males, which cannot be distinguished from one another, were to be met with tolerably frequently, and we shot several, but of the lovely full-plumaged male we never even caught a glimpse. We had nevertheless no cause to grumble, for we succeeded later, and our cruise up the gulf, short as it was, was so far fortunate in that it furnished us with specimens in nearly every stage of development, and before we left the island we had a complete series, showing the various changes in the plumage from the sober-coloured young bird to the beautiful and quaintly ornamented adult.

The Red Bird of Paradise is, like Wilson's *Diphylodes*, entirely confined to the two islands of Batanta



## THE ISLAND WORLD

and Waigiou. It is an allied species to the well-known *Paradisea apoda* of the Aru Islands, and several others kinds, of which one of the most beautiful is a recently-discovered species from the D'Entrecasteaux Islands of South-east New Guinea, but the long sub-alar plumes—the chief ornament of this genus—are in the red bird hardly so much developed. Their colour, however—a deep crimson with snow-white tips—is not less beautiful. The chief peculiarity of the bird lies in the extraordinary development of the two median tail-feathers. In the allied species these are prolonged into two nearly straight wire-like appendages, but in the Red Bird of Paradise they are ribbon-like in form, much resembling split quills, and hang in a graceful double curve for nearly two feet beyond the rest of the tail-feathers. The series of young birds we obtained in Batanta and Waigiou enabled us to follow out the development of these curious ornaments. The two middle tail-feathers are at first in no way different from the rest, but presently they begin to elongate, and after a time the web of feather eroded along the shaft, though still remaining webbed in the form of a little spatula at the apex. This spatula indeed may sometimes be seen in the full, or nearly full, plumaged bird. In the process of elongation the now bare shaft becomes thin and widened, though still remaining of a brown-colour. Finally its sides gradually in-curve until the quill in section presents a half-circle, and the brown shade turning into a jetty black completes the change.

Of the nesting habits of this, as indeed of the other Birds of Paradise, we in vain tried to discover anything definite, and though both here and in other

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## THE ISLAND WORLD

parts of New Guinea we offered large rewards to anyone who would show us a nest, the eggs and nidification still remain as much unknown as when Pater Leylyn wrote his "Cosmography" and spoke of the bird Monicodiata, which having no feet is in continual motion: "and (it is said) that there is a hole in the back of the cock, in which the hen doth lay her eggs, and hatch her young ones. I bid no man to believe these relations," he writes; "for my part, I say with Horace,

*"Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi."*

We devoted the day to collecting and the evening to skinning, according to the usual routine, and at night our praus, illuminated by dammar torches, presenting a busy scene until a late hour. The tall trees of the jungle caught the light here and there and stood out in strong relief against the inky darkness of the forest beyond. Our Malay hunters, squatting on the ground, held the heads of the birds they were skinning between their toes like monkeys, and worked away steadily, hardly uttering a word, while the woolly-haired Papuans sat watching them, smoking their palm-leaf cigarettes and jabbering noisily. Now and again the weird cry of some night-bird silenced them for a while. The whole scene was romantic enough, or would have been had not certain realities of existence prevented it. The night was suffocatingly hot, and we did not need to be reminded that we were within a mile or two of the equator. The mosquitos descended upon us in swarms, effectually banishing sleep, and, to crown our discomfort, our legs were covered with quantities of ticks of almost microscopic minuteness,

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which, in the amount of irritation they produce, beat the very similar little *Ixodes* which haunts the coast of South-east Africa. Tired, irritable, and bathed in perspiration we greeted the appearance of day with delight. . . .

We were desirous of taking water at Momos, and on inquiring of the Rajah he told us of a small stream which ran into the gulf on the eastern side, just within the entrance. Its mouth was hardly visible from the sea, but we at length discovered it, and entering a narrow channel completely overarched by trees found a little stream of good water running brightly over a pebbly bed. Up this we poled our dinghy, and hearing the noise of the waterfall in the distance, I left the boat and walked to it through the forest. It was only a few feet in height, but the richness of the ferns and other vegetation combined to render it one of the most charming spots I saw in our New Guinea cruise. It will always remain deeply impressed on my memory, for such places are after all rare in these regions, or at least rarer than is generally supposed by those to whom the tropics are unknown. The individual beauty of any one plant or tree may be absolutely perfect, but the very exuberance of the vegetation—the embarras de richesses—spoils all, and the traveller is chiefly conscious of a tangled mass of greenery presenting few characteristics, except impenetrability, to his mind.

Next day, the boats having gone round to the watering-place, I endeavoured to reach it overland with a half-caste Papuan as guide. As I was starting, one of our hunters came in, bringing a male *Paradisea rubra*, which, with the exception of the

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## THE ISLAND WORLD

beautiful red tufts, was in full plumage, and I learnt that he had seen others at no great distance from the village. The forest, however, hardly yielded me a single bird for a long time, with the exception of a Tanysiptera (*T. galatea*), a lovely racquet-tailed kingfisher not uncommon in North-west Papua. Presently a male Paradise Bird flew past me, with long tail-feathers, but, as far as I could see, with the side plumes only partially developed. My guide now commenced calling the birds, placing his hand to his mouth and producing a sort of plaintive croak, loud, and of rather high pitch—an almost exact imitation of their note. We waited silently and with no result for some little time, and then continued our way, but I had hardly started before a full-plumaged male bird perched upon a bough within twenty yards of me. These are the moments when one is, as a matter of course, entirely unprepared. I was climbing the face of a little precipice ten or twelve feet high, holding on with one hand, and long before I could get free the bird had flown. It was—alas! the only chance I had during the rest of our stay.

"Cruise of the Marchesa"  
—F. H. H. GUILLEMARD.

*Round whose green shores the long Pacific roll,  
By trade winds borne across the world-wide waste,  
Surges unceasingly.*

## LANDING AT LIFU

IT was a lovely morning in August (1871) when we first landed on one of those charming South Sea islands—not the August of the northern hemisphere, which is associated in our minds with fields of waving yellow corn, trees loaded with apples, pears, plums, and luscious fruit, purple grapes, and leaves turning russet brown; but the August of the southern tropics, one of the coolest months of the twelve. The August of lands waving with majestic palm trees and the graceful, large-leafed banana plants and ferns; where the sky-line is broken by the feathery tops of cocoa-nut trees, and the dense jungle is gaudy with brilliant flowers and crotons, and where the lovely orchids, in all their bewildering variety of tint and shape and size, excite the admiration of the traveller, and the delight of the scientific collector.

When we came on deck that memorable morning, a soft breeze, warm as new milk, was just beginning to stir the air, but not yet strong enough to lift the pale mist from the sea, to which it was clinging closely. In the distance, dim and indistinct, could be heard the lapping of the waves on the shore, as they rolled up the broken shells and coral on the beach, as yet invisible for the fog. Gradually the blue overhead became more and more distinct,



S. C. Weetman



*S. C. Weetman*

Solomons : Coconut Plantation, Malaita Island.



S. C. Weetman

Solomons : Siota, south-east corner of Florida Island

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## THE ISLAND WORLD

and the grey mist seemed to melt away as the rising sun began to exert its power. As the fog rose, we first saw the tops of the adjoining hills, then the middle heights and knolls, and, lastly, the white, shimmering sandy beach. The sea had not a ripple on its surface; it was smooth as oil. There was just a faint heave, in which the reflection of the land was curved and bent, but not broken.

Our vessel was soon surrounded by canoes filled with young cocoa-nuts, bananas, and oranges, coral, shells, and curios, which the noisy natives were anxious to exchange for European articles. We lower our boat and pull in to the beach, where a crowd of natives are waiting to receive us. It is a strange scene. Instead of the oak and the elm and the beech, the majestic yews and chestnuts and poplars, the apple and pear and plum trees of this beautiful England, there rise before you the stately palms, the wide-spreading banyan, the tamarind, with its thick foliage, and the mango, with its abundant wood and rich burden of luscious fruits; orange, banana, and cocoa-nut groves, instead of our stately orchards; and plantations of yams and sugar-cane, melons and papao apples, instead of our waving cornfields. And instead of our stone and brick houses, there are grass huts surrounded by stockades, in the midst of rank vegetation, close by stagnant pools and deadly swamps.

"Among the Cannibals"

—REV. S. McFARLANE.



## THE DANGEROUS ARCHIPELAGO

THE "GREAT WESTERN" ducked in the heavy swell, shipping her regular deck-load of salt water every six minutes. Now the "Great Western" was nothing more nor less than a seventeen-ton schooner, two hours out from Tahiti. She was built like an old shoe, and shovelled in a head-sea as though it was her business.

It was something like sea life, wading along her submerged deck from morning till night, with a piece of raw junk in one hand and a briny biscuit in the other; we never could keep a fire in that galley; and as for hard tack, the sooner it got soaked through the sooner it was off our minds, for we knew to this complexion it must shortly come.

Two hours out from Tahiti we settled our course, wafting a theatrical kiss or two toward the gloriously green pyramid we were turning our backs on, as it slowly vanished in the blue desert of the sea.

A thousand palm-crowned and foam-girdled reefs spangle the ocean to the north and east of Tahiti. This train of lovely satellites is known as the Dangerous Archipelago, or, more commonly in that latitude, the Pomotou Islands. It's the very hotbed of cocoa-nut oil, pearls, half-famished Kanakas, shells, and shipwrecks. The currents are rapid and variable; the winds short, sharp, and equally unreliable.

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## THE ISLAND WORLD

If you would have adventure, the real article and plenty of it make your will, bid farewell to home and friends, and embark for the Pomotous. I started on this principle, and repented knee-deep in the deck-breakers, as we butted our way through the billows, bound for one of the Pomotous on a pearl hunt. . . .

We were looking for land. We'd been looking for three hours, scarcely speaking all that time. It's a serious matter raising a Pomotou by moonlight.

"Land!" squeaked a weak voice about six feet above us. A lank fellow, with his legs corkscrewed around the shrouds, and his long neck stretched to windward where it veered like a weather-cock in a nor'wester, chuckled as he sung out "Land!" and felt himself a little lower than Christopher Columbus thereafter. "Where away?" bellowed our chunky little captain, as important as if he were commanding a grown-up ship. "Two points on the weather-bow!" piped the lookout, with the voice of one soaring in space, but unhappily choked in the last word by a sudden lurch of the schooner that brought him speedily to the deck, where he lost his identity and became a proper noun, second person singular, for the rest of the cruise. . . .

We could scarcely tell how near the land might lie; fancied we could already hear the roar of surf-beaten reefs, and every wave that reared before us seemed the rounded outline of an island. Of course we shortened sail, not knowing at what moment we might find ourselves close upon some low sea-garden nestling under the rim of breakers that fenced it in, and being morally averse to running it down without warning. It was scarcely midnight; the moon was

## THE ISLAND WORLD

radiant; we were silently watching, wrapped in the deep mystery that hung over the weather-bow.

The wind suddenly abated; it was as though it sifted through trees and came to us subdued with a whisper of fluttering leaves and a breath of spice. We knew what it meant, and our hearts leaped within us as over the bow loomed the wave-like outline of shadow that sank not again like the other waves, neither floated off cloud-like, but seemed to be bearing steadily down upon us—a great whale hungry for a modern Jonah.

What a night it was! We heard the howl of waters now; saw the palm-boughs glisten in the moonlight, and the glitter, and the flash of foam that fringed the edges of the half-drowned islet.

It looks for all the world like a grove of cocoa-trees that had waded out of sight of land, and didn't know which way to turn next. This was the Ultima Thule of the "Great Western's" voyage, and she seemed to know it, for she behaved splendidly at last, laying off and on till morning in fine style, evidently as proud as a ship-of-line.

"Summer Cruising in the South Seas"

—C. WARREN STODDARD.





Banyan Tree and Wild Banana (on left).

## MERMAIDS OF THE MARQUESAS

AS WE SLOWLY ADVANCED up the bay, numerous canoes pushed off from the surrounding shores, and we were soon in the midst of quite a flotilla of them, their savage occupants struggling aboard of us, and jostling one another in their ineffectual attempts. Occasionally the projecting outriggers of their slight shallops running foul of one another, would become entangled beneath the water, threatening to capsize the canoes, when a scene of confusion would ensue that baffles description. Such outcries and passionate gesticulations I never certainly heard or saw before. You would have thought the islanders were on the point of flying at one another's throats, whereas they were only amicably engaged disentangling their boats.

Scattered here and there among the canoes might be seen numbers of cocoa-nuts floating closely together in circular groups, and bobbing up and down with every wave. By some inexplicable means these cocoa-nuts were all steadily approaching towards the ship. As I leaned curiously over the side endeavouring to solve their mysterious movements, one mass far in advance of the rest attracted my attention. In its centre was something I could take for nothing else than a cocoa-nut, but which I certainly considered one of the most extraordinary

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specimens of the fruit I had ever seen. It kept twirling and dancing about among the rest in the most singular manner, and as it drew nearer I thought it bore a remarkable resemblance to the brown shaven skull of one of the savages. Presently it betrayed a pair of eyes, and soon I became aware that what I had supposed to have been one of the fruit was nothing else than the head of an islander, who had adopted this singular method of bringing his produce to market. The cocoa-nuts were all attached to one another by strips of the husk, partly torn from the shell and rudely fastened together. Their proprietor, inserting his head into the midst of them, impelled his necklace of cocoa-nuts through the water by striking out beneath the surface with his feet.

I was somewhat astonished to perceive that among the number of natives that surrounded us not a single female was to be seen. At that time I was ignorant of the fact that by the operation of the "taboo," the use of canoes in all parts of the island is rigorously prohibited to the entire sex, for whom it is death to be seen entering one when hauled on shore; consequently, whenever a Marquesan lady voyages by water, she puts in requisition the paddles of her own fair body.

We had approached within a mile and a half perhaps of the foot of the bay, when some of the islanders, who by this time had managed to scramble aboard of us at the risk of swamping their canoes, directed our attention to a singular commotion in the water ahead of the vessel. At first, I imagined it to be produced by a shoal of fish sporting on the surface, but our savage friends assured us that it was caused by a shoal of "whinhenies" (young girls),

## THE ISLAND WORLD

who in this manner were coming off from the shore to welcome us. As they drew-nearer, and I watched the rising and sinking of their forms, and beheld the uplifted arm bearing above the water the girdle of tappa, and their long dark hair trailing beside them as they swam, I almost fancied they could be nothing else than so many mermaids—and very like mermaids they behaved too.

We were still some distance from the beach, and under slow headway, when we sailed right into the midst of these swimming nymphs, and they boarded us at every quarter; many seizing hold of the chain-plates and springing into the chains; others, at the peril of being run over by the vessel in her course, catching at the bob-stays, and wreathing their slender forms about the ropes, hung suspended in the air. All of them at length succeeded in getting up the ship's side, where they clung dripping with the brine and glowing from the bath, their jet-black tresses streaming over their shoulders, and half enveloping their otherwise naked forms.

There they hung, sparkling with savage vivacity, laughing gaily at one another, and chattering away with infinite glee. Nor were they idle the while, for each one performed the simple offices of the toilet for the other. Their luxuriant locks, wound up and twisted into the smallest possible compass, were freed from the briny element; the whole person carefully dried, and from a little round shell that passed from hand to hand, anointed with a fragrant oil: their adornments were completed by passing a few loose folds of white tappa, in a modest cincture, around the waist. Thus arrayed they no longer hesitated, but flung themselves lightly over the bul-

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warks, and were quickly frolicking about the decks. Many of them went forward, perching upon the head-rails or running out upon the bowsprit, while others seated themselves upon the taffrail, or reclined at full length upon the boats. What a sight for us bachelor sailors! How avoid so dire a temptation? For who could think of tumbling these artless creatures overboard, when they had swam miles to welcome us? Their appearance perfectly amazed me; their extreme youth, the light clear brown of their complexions, their delicate features, and inexpressibly graceful figures, their softly moulded limbs, and free unstudied action, seemed as strange as beautiful.

The "Dolly" was fairly captured; and never I will say was vessel carried before by such a dashing and irresistible party of boarders; The ship taken, we could not do otherwise than yield ourselves prisoners, and for the whole period that she remained in the bay, the "Dolly," as well as her crew, were completely in the hands of the mermaids.

In the evening after we had come to an anchor the deck was illuminated with lanterns, and this picturesque band of sylphs, tricked out with flowers, and dressed in robes of variegated tappa, got up a ball in great style. These females are passionately fond of dancing, and in the wild grace of and spirit of their style excel everything that I have ever seen. The varied dances of the Marquesan girls are beautiful in the extreme, but there is an abandoned voluptuousness in their character which I dare not attempt to describe.

"Typee"—HERMAN MELVILLE.



## THE SOUTH SEA KINGS

THE FIRM of Godeffroy of Hamburg has been in existence for about a century. Until about 1857 they maintained a fleet of vessels, many of which traded in the Indian Sea, under the direction of an agent established at Cochin, while others made regular voyages to the Spanish main, Valparaiso being their rendezvous. At Cochin they maintained a large cocoa-nut oil-pressing establishment. At Valparaiso their captains took instructions from a general agent, whose subordinates resided at Coquimbo, Valdivia, Takuano, Guayaquil, San Jose de Guatemala, and elsewhere. Their trade was chiefly in saltpetre, copper and cochineal. . . .

In 1872 the establishment of the Godeffroys at Apia consisted of a superintendent, a cashier, eleven clerks, a harbour-master, two engineers, ten carpenters, two coopers, four plantation managers, a surgeon, and a land-surveyor. These were the permanent establishment, and were all Europeans, and naturally enough, mostly Germans. In addition there were numerous supernumeraries of all nationalities, among whom may be counted half-breeds, Portuguese, and Chinamen. They generally employed, as plantation labourers, about 400 Polynesians, imported from the Savage and Line Islands. Their property at that time, and it has immensely

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## THE ISLAND WORLD

increased since then, comprised a commodious harbour, a building-yard for small vessels, three plantations containing an aggregate of about 400 acres under cultivation, and something like 25,000 acres of purchased land, of which it may be truthfully said that the greater proportion is not to be surpassed in fertility in any part of the tropics. Mr. Sterndale says: "It was bought at a low rate, not upon an average exceeding 75 cents per acre, and paid for chiefly in ammunition, arms, or such articles of barter as are most in vogue among semi-barbarous people." In September, 1879, about 4500 acres were under cotton cultivation, and 1000 Polynesian labourers were employed.

The land consists chiefly of alluvial valleys of astonishing richness and elevated plateaux of fertile volcanic soil, covered in many large tracts with valuable timber. Large streams intersect the estates, and these are not only made available for floating down logs, but afford water-power for driving mills. One-third of the estate comprises ancient cultivations abandoned in consequence of civil wars.

During the progress of these internecine disturbances, Messrs. Godeffroy possessed exceptional advantages in dealing with the natives, as they had a manufactory of arms at Liege, in Belgium (the "Birmingham of the Netherlands"), by means of which they could supply the instruments of fraternal murder—or war, if the term is to be preferred—at a cheap rate, with a "reasonable profit."

Messrs. Godeffroy gradually abandoned the Tuamotus, and other islands claimed as dependencies of France, partly for the reason that about 1867, mother-of-pearl commanded an unusually low

## THE ISLAND WORLD

price; but more in consequence of their determination to strike out new channels for themselves. With this view they pushed their agencies southwards to the Friendly Archipelago, including Nieuve or Savage Island, Fortuna and Wallis Island, northward throughout the whole range of the Kingsmills and the isles in their vicinity, that is to say, the Tokalu, Ellis, and Gilbert Groups. They then approached the Marshall Group, and so got to the Carolines, and as far as Yap, a great island at the entrance of the Luzon Sea, where they purchased 3000 acres of land, and established a large depot, intended to be an intermediate station between their trading-post at Samoa and their old-established agencies at Cochin and China. A glance at a chart of the Pacific will show the extent of their operations, Samoa being in 169 deg. W., and Yap, one of the Pelew Islands, in 134 deg. 21 min. E. In fact, they had an agent in every productive island inhabited by natives sufficiently well-disposed to permit a white man to reside among them.

"Coral Lands"—H. STONEHEWER COOPER.

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## CORAL REEFS AND ATOLLS

WITHOUT any distinct intention to classify coral reefs, most voyagers have spoken of them under the following heads : "Lagoon islands," or "atolls"; "barrier," or "encircling reefs"; and "fringing," or "shore reefs."

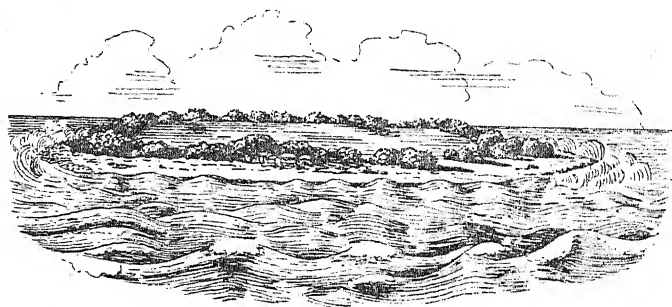
The lagoon-islands have received much the most attention; and it is not surprising, for everyone must be struck with astonishment, when he first beholds one of these vast rings of coral-rock, often many leagues in diameter, here and there surmounted by a low verdant island with dazzling white shores, bathed on the outside by the foaming breakers of the ocean, and on the inside surrounding a calm expanse of water, which, from reflection, is of a bright but pale green colour. The naturalist will feel this astonishment more deeply after having examined the soft and almost gelatinous bodies of these apparently insignificant creatures, and when he knows that the solid reef increases only on the outer edge, which day and night is lashed by the breakers of an ocean never at rest. . . .

As the reef of a lagoon-island generally supports many separate small islands, the word "island", applied to the whole, is often the cause of confusion; hence I have invariably used in this volume the term "atoll," which is the name given to these circular

## THE ISLAND WORLD

groups of coral islets by their inhabitants in the Indian Ocean, and is synonymous with "lagoon-island."

Barrier reefs, when encircling small islands, have been comparatively little noticed by voyagers; but they well deserve attention. In their structure they are little less marvellous than atolls, and they give a singular and most picturesque character to the scenery of the islands they surround. In the accompanying sketch, taken from the Voyage of the



*Coquille*, the reef is seen from within, from one of the high peaks of the island of Bolabola. Here, as in Whitsunday Island, the whole of that part of the reef which is visible is converted into land. This is a circumstance of rare occurrence; more usually a snow-white line of great breakers, with here and there an islet crowned by cocoa-nut trees, separates the smooth waters of the lagoon-like channel from the waves of the open sea. The barrier reefs of Australia and of New Caledonia, owing to their enormous dimensions, have excited much attention; in structure and form they resemble those encircling many of the smaller islands in the Pacific Ocean.

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With respect to fringing, or shore reefs, there is little in their structure which needs explanation; and their name expresses their comparatively small extension. They differ from barrier-reefs in not lying so far from the shore, and in not having within a broad channel of deep water. Reefs also occur around submerged banks of sediment and of worn-down rock; and others are scattered quite irregularly where the sea is very shallow: these in most respects are allied to those of the fringing class, but they are of comparatively little interest. . . .

Several theories have been advanced to explain the origin of atolls, or lagoon-islands, but scarcely one to account for barrier-reefs. From the limited depths at which reef-building polypifers can flourish, taken into consideration with certain other circumstances, we are compelled to conclude, as it will be seen, that both in atolls and barrier-reefs, the foundation on which the coral was primarily attached, has subsided; and that during this downward movement, the reefs have grown upwards. This conclusion, it will be further seen, explains most satisfactorily the outline and general form of atolls and barrier-reefs, and likewise certain peculiarities in their structure. The distribution, also, of the different kinds of coral-reefs, and their position with relation to the areas of recent elevation, and to the points subject to volcanic eruptions, fully accord with this theory of their origin.

"Coral Reefs"—CHARLES DARWIN.

## DISCOVERY OF MILNE BAY

ALL ABOUT us stretched thick forest and jungle, full of an oppressive silence, only broken by the occasional scream of some parrot from a high treetop. There were no fish in the torrent, and we washed the sand in places for gold, but none was found. One of our exploring parties found a small village in a deep narrow valley. It was ill-built, and its people were dirtier, and seemed more savage, and slightly darker in complexion, than the Moresby Island natives. They were much alarmed on seeing our party, but were assured after a little, and brought crabs and oysters, and bird of paradise plumes, off to the ship in wretched little canoes. The weather cleared on the afternoon of April 27, and we weighed and continued to run up what we supposed was a strait leading between New Guinea and the D'Entrecasteaux. The land was closing in on us, and was soon not more than eight miles apart; and as headland after headland opened out, all hands watched with interest for the secret to reveal itself; all the officers were on the bridge, and the men crowded the bulwarks. It was one of those exciting moments which rarely occur and are never forgotten.

The scene was indeed beautiful; the New Guinea mountains had receded from the sea, and left behind them a strip of rich plain country, strewn with vil-

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lages, and beautified with groves of palm, behind which the Owen Stanley mountains swelled again into noble height, and this made a sharp contrast with the northern shore, where the land was broken and rugged, and rose into lesser heights. Before us, to the north-west, lay a group of small islets in a stream of light from the setting sun. On the near shore the natives, excited beyond expression, raced along the black volcanic sand, brandishing club and spear as we passed. The mountain streams, swollen by the late rain, brought down floods of discoloured water, which we crossed with anxious hearts, not knowing what it might hide; but at last, passing another headland, we saw the blue distant hills to the westward meet the unknown land and touch, and knew that we had only sailed by a great unknown bay, and that the north side of New Guinea was yet to be reached. . . .

Pressing on in hope of getting to an anchorage before dark—so necessary in these narrow waters—we came in sight of the head of this great bay, which was closed to the west by a considerable extent of flat country, backed by a range of high mountains, which ran south till it joined the Owen Stanley range, and north to the high land which forms the northern shore of this bay, and was afterwards named Stirling Range. The waters at the head of the bay were dotted with ugly-looking reefs, and were far too deep for anchorage; but our good star prevailed, and we opened a lovely oval-shaped cove, on the shore of which was a large well-constructed village, standing as usual amid tropic surroundings. . . .

The cove we had entered was semi-circular, and fringed all round by graceful cocoa-nut palms, the



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blue water rippling up to their roots. Pretty native houses were scattered amongst the trees, every one of which seemed to have sent forth its inmates to gaze at us. There was no unfriendliness; canoes of all sizes, and catamarans darted about us, bringing fine pigs and vegetables, which were gladly exchanged for our hoop-iron. The next day was Sunday; but except during divine service, when we sent the natives away, their jabbering over the bartering kept the noise of a fair about us all day. . . .

Mr. Mourilyan took the galley and surveyed the head of Milne Bay (thus named by me after the Senior Naval Lord of the Admiralty) on Monday, and came back with a report that it was full of reefs, and that the natives had been troublesome in pressing on him.

"Discoveries in New Guinea"

—CAPTAIN JOHN MORESBY.

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## S O R C E R Y

THE GREAT DIFFICULTY that faces an Administration in its war against sorcery is that no such thing exists. And since it does not exist, it cannot be punished. But although the thing itself is a myth, the fear of it colours the whole of the Papuan's life. In this the native of Papua is at one with all primitive races; and he has taken the obvious course of utilizing—and paying for—the services of men supposed to enjoy special privileges of communication with the unseen world.

That primitive men should be ready to believe in the pretensions of the sorcerers is easy to understand. For the savage has no knowledge whatever of cause and effect. To him every natural happening is the work of some spiritual being. Winds could not blow of themselves, rain fall, and stars shine, or crops grow. And, although most forms of good fortune are taken as the more or less natural results of his own skill or industry, bad luck of every kind is attributable only to the work of some malign spirit whose only function is to trouble the lives of men. In everything that he sees, in all that he hears, is evidence of the eternal watchfulness and activity of the unseen. Every sound, from a peal of thunder to the rustling of a leaf, every sensation and many of his thoughts and impulses are prompted by the

## THE ISLAND WORLD

fearsome goblins that haunt hill and valley, forest and plain, that conceal themselves by day and make night dangerous by their ubiquitous roaming.

In particular, and in common with most primitives, the Papuan is confounded by the phenomenon of death. Death by violence of men he can understand, but fatal illness, or a sickness that is not fatal, is something beyond his comprehension. And, failing a knowledge of medicine and hygiene, he can only attribute such things to the spirit world. The most terrifying circumstances about this superstitious fear is that he is without access to his invisible enemies. No matter how willing he may be to placate them, to pay tribute to them and obey their whims, there is no way in which he can communicate with them or learn just what it is that they want. And when a man appears with a reputation, however weakly grounded, for ability to bargain with these otherwise implacable spirits, his success is assured from the outset.

There is a danger, of course. The belief that a man can restrain the viciousness of evil spirits implies also that he can persuade them to even greater harmfulness than before. And in place of a host of unregimented goblins, the unfortunate has to deal with a man who can influence them all for evil as well as for good. Instead of a number of isolated enemies he has to face an army of them, all under the direction and control of a single man. But this does not matter so much as the fact that in the sorcerer he finds an intermediary who at the worst can be bribed to keep his malignant allies quiescent.

The sorcerer, of course, does not fail to take advantage of his opportunities. Extortion and vic-

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## THE ISLAND WORLD

timization are parts of his recognized armoury. He rules fear; and against that fear the arguments and assurances of Europeans are powerless. . . . A sorcerer's reputation is sometimes earned by his own qualities; much more often it is inherited, together with the paraphernalia of teeth and shells and stones, rags of fur, carved scraps of wood, and all the other accumulation of rubbish that makes the sorcerer's stock-in-trade. But for a successful career the magician must possess intelligence and a degree of self-control. He must have at least some rudimentary knowledge of psychology, and he must appreciate the value of silence as a weapon. He may paint his face with special pigments, and he may deck himself out in feathers and shells and necklaces.; but his real power lies in the faculty of silence, leaving things to be inferred rather than expressing them, and in the power of his eyes to inspire fear.

How great is the fear inspired by such reticence is clearly to be seen in the courts, when an alleged sorcerer is on trial. The Papuan is naturally a voluble talker, and to his view there is something uncanny in a man who preserves complete silence in face of argument or even of accusation. And it almost always happens that the accused sorcerer refuses to say anything at all in his own defence; and indeed the cold glance that he throws on any adverse witness is more telling than would be the most expert cross-examination.

"The Papuan Achievement"

—LEWIS LETT.

## THE ISLAND WORLD

### POLI-ANU (Cool Bosom) :

(Hawaiian Love Song).

Bosom, here is love for you,  
O bosom cool as night !  
How you refresh me as with dew—  
Your coolness gives delight.

Rain is cold upon the hill,  
And water in the pool,  
Yet all my frame 'is colder still  
For you, O bosom cool.

Face to face beneath a bough  
I may not you embrace,  
But feel a spell on breast and brow  
While sitting face to face.

Thoughts in absence send a thrill  
Like touch of sweeter air:  
I sought you, and I seek you still,  
O bosom cool and fair !

—Translated by C. W. STODDARD.

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## THE SPLENDID SAVAGE

IT WAS BROAD DAY, and the house was nearly filled with young females, fancifully decorated with flowers, who gazed upon me as I rose with faces in which childish delight and curiosity were vividly portrayed. After waking Toby, they seated themselves round us on the mats, and gave full play to that prying inquisitiveness which time out of mind has been attributed to the adorable sex. . . .

Having diverted themselves to their heart's content, our young visitants now withdrew, and gave place to successive troops of the other sex, who continued flocking towards the house until near noon; by which time I have no doubt that the greater part of the inhabitants of the valley had bathed themselves in the light of our benignant countenances.

At last, when their numbers began to diminish, a superb-looking warrior stooped the towering plumes of his head-dress beneath the low portal, and entered the house, I saw at once that he was some distinguished personage, the natives regarding him with the utmost deference, and making room for him as he approached. His aspect was imposing. The splendid long drooping tail-feathers of the tropic bird, thickly interspersed with the gaudy plumage of the cock, were disposed in an immense upright semicircle upon his head, their lower extremities

## THE ISLAND WORLD

being fixed in a crescent of guinea-beads which spanned the forehead. Around his neck were several enormous necklaces of boars' tusks, polished like ivory, and disposed in such a manner as that the longest and largest were upon his capacious chest. Thrust forward through the large apertures in his ears were two small and finely shaped sperm-whale teeth, presenting their cavities in front, stuffed with freshly-plucked leaves, and curiously wrought at the other end into strange little images and devices. These barbaric trinkets, garnished in this manner at their open extremities, and tapering and curving round to a point behind the ear, resembled not a little a pair of cornucopias.

The loins of the warrior were girt about with heavy folds of a dark-coloured tappa, hanging before and behind in clusters of braided tassels, while anklets and bracelets of curling human hair completed his unique costume. In his right hand he grasped a beautifully carved paddle-spear, barely fifteen feet in length, made of the bright koar-wood, one end sharply pointed, and the other flattened like an oar-blade. Hanging obliquely from his girdle by a loop of sinnate was a richly decorated pipe, the slender reed forming its stem being coloured with a red pigment, and round it, as well as the idol-bowl, fluttered little streamers of the thinnest tappa.

But that which was most remarkable in the appearance of the splendid islander was the elaborately tatooing displayed on every noble limb. All imaginable lines and curves and figures were delineated over his whole body, and in their grotesque variety and infinite profusion I could only compare them to the crowded groupings of quaint patterns

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## THE ISLAND WORLD

we sometimes see in costly pieces of lacework. The most simple and remarkable of all these ornaments was that which decorated the countenance of the chief. Two broad stripes of tatooing, diverging from the centre of his shaven crown, obliquely crossed both eyes—staining the lids—to a little below either ear, where they united with another stripe which swept in a straight line along the lips and formed the base of the triangle. The warrior, from the excellence of his physical proportions, might certainly have been regarded as one of Nature's noblemen.

"Typee"—HERMAN MELVILLE.



Captain James Cook



## CAPTAIN COOK MEETS THE PAPUANS

ON the 3rd of September, 1770, at daybreak, we saw the land extending from N. by E. to S.E., at about four leagues distance, and we then kept standing in for it with a fresh gale at E.S.E. and E. by S. till nine o'clock, when, being within three or four miles of it, and in three fathoms of water, we brought to. The pinnacle being hoisted out, I set off from the ship with the boat's crew, accompanied by Mr. Banks, who also took his servant, and Dr. Solander, being in all twelve persons well armed; we rowed directly towards the shore, but the water was so shallow that we could not reach it by about two hundred yards. We waded, however, the rest of the way, having left two of the seamen to take care of the boat:

Hitherto we had seen no sign of inhabitants at this place, but as soon as we got ashore we discovered the prints of human feet, which could not long have been impressed upon the mud, as they were below high water mark; we therefore concluded that the people were at no great distance, and as the thick wood came down within a hundred yards of the water, we thought it necessary to proceed with caution, lest we should fall into an ambuscade, and our retreat to the boat be cut off. We walked along the skirts of the wood, and at the distance of about

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## THE ISLAND WORLD

two hundred yards from the place where we landed we came to a grove of cocoa-nut trees, which stood upon the banks of a little brook of brackish water. The trees were of a small growth, but well hung with fruit; and near them was a shed, or hut, which had been covered with their leaves, though most of them were now fallen off; about the hut lay a great number of the shells of the fruit, some of which appeared to be just fresh from the tree. We looked at the fruit very wistfully, but not thinking it safe to climb, we were obliged to leave it without tasting a single nut.

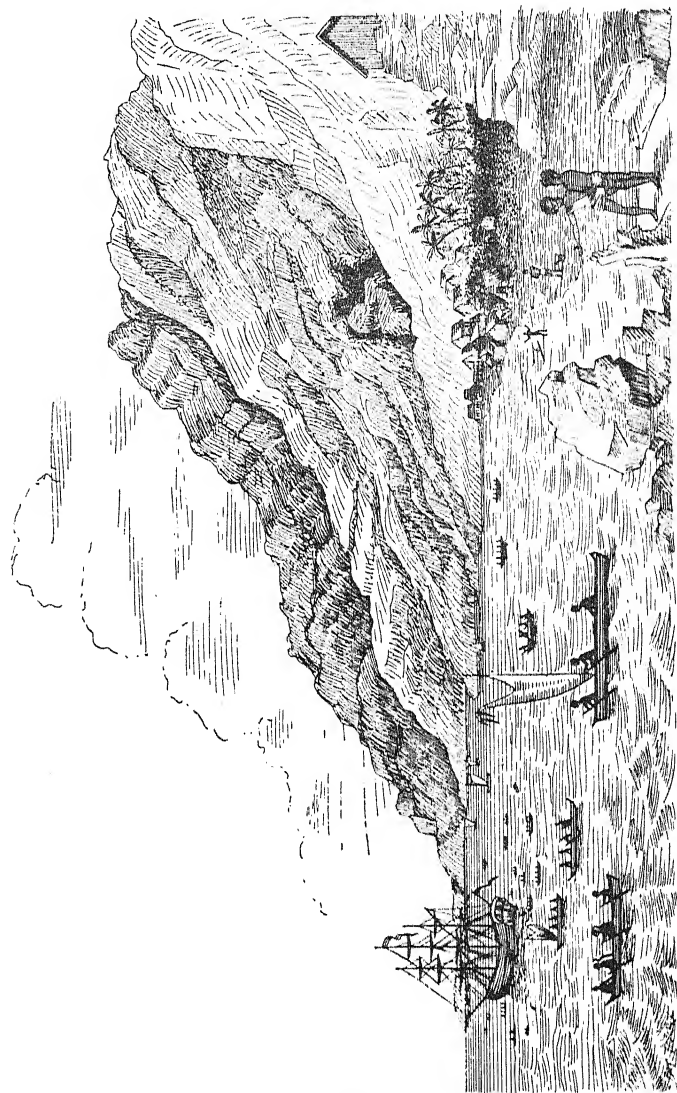
At a little distance from this place we found plantains, and a bread-fruit trees, but it had nothing upon it. Having now advanced about a quarter of a mile from the boat, three Indians rushed out of the wood with a hideous shout, at about the distance of a hundred yards, and as they ran towards us, the foremost threw something out of his hand, which flew on one side of him, and burnt exactly like gunpowder, but made no report; the other two instantly threw their lances at us, and as no time was now to be lost we discharged our pieces, which were loaded with small shot. It is probable that they did not feel the shot, for though they halted a moment they did not retreat, and a third dart was thrown at us. As we thought their farther approach might be prevented with less risk of life, than it would cost to defend ourselves against their attack if they should come nearer, we loaded our pieces with ball and fired a second time. By this discharge it is probable that some of them were wounded, yet we had the satisfaction to see that they all ran away with great agility.

## THE ISLAND WORLD

As I was not disposed forcibly to invade this country, either to gratify our appetites or our curiosity, and perceived that nothing was to be done upon friendly terms, we improved this interval, in which the destruction of the natives was no longer necessary to our own defence, and with all expedition returned towards our boat. As we were advancing along the shore, we perceived that the two men on board made signals that more Indians were coming down, and before we got into the water we saw several of them coming round a point at a distance of about five hundred yards. It is probable that they had met with the three who first attacked us, for as soon as they saw us they halted, and seemed to wait till their main body should come up. we entered the water, and waded towards the boat, and they remained at their station without giving us any interruption.

As soon as we were aboard we rowed abreast of them, and their number then appeared to be between sixty and a hundred. We took a view of them at our leisure; they made much the same appearance as the New Hollanders, being nearly of the same stature, and having their hair short-cropped; like them also they were all stark naked, but we thought the colour of their skin was not quite so dark; this, however, might perhaps be merely the effect of their not being so dirty. All this while they were shouting defiance, and letting off their fires by four or five at a time. What these fires were, or for what purpose intended, we could not imagine; those who discharged them had in their hands a short piece of stick—possibly a hollow cane—which they swung sideways from them, and we immediately saw fire

## THE ISLAND WORLD



Kealahikua Bay, in the days of Captain Cook

## THE ISLAND WORLD

and smoke, exactly resembling those of a musket, and of no longer duration. This wonderful phenomenon was observed from the ship, and the deception was so great that the people on board thought they had fire-arms; and in the boat, if we had not been so near as that we must have heard the report, we should have thought they had been firing volleys.

After we had looked at them attentively some time, without taking any notice of their flashing and vociferation, we fired some muskets over their heads. Upon hearing the balls rattle among the trees they walked leisurely away, and we returned to the ship. Upon examining the weapons they had thrown at us, we found them to be light darts, about four feet in length, very ill made, of a reed or bamboo cane, and pointed with hard wood, in which there were many barbs. These were discharged with great force, for though we were at sixty yards distance they went beyond us, but in what manner we could not exactly see; possibly they might be shot with a bow, but we saw no bows among them when we surveyed them from the boat, and we were in general of opinion that they were thrown with a stick, in the manner practised by the New Hollanders.

Narrative of "Captain Cook's First Voyage," Book III., Chap. VII.

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*"BULLY" HAYES : Pirate of the Pacific*

NO SKETCH of Coral Lands would approach completeness if it did not give some account of this man's exploits, as for more than twenty years he was the terror of all honest men in that wide region. His first appearance, off the islands of Hawaii, was in 1858, when he and his first officer were put ashore from the ship "Orestes." Hayes was at that time accompanied by his wife. In all his travels he used to be accompanied by a female companion of some kind or other, whom he picked up and dropped as the fancy took him. . . .

Presently he commenced his career as a trader among the South Sea Islands, and after raiding and robbing stations for a couple of years, he was found under arrest at Upolo, in charge of the British Consul. Just then the renowned Captain Ben Pease arrived in the brig "Leonora." Captain Hayes's chronometers required rating, and he obtained permission to take them aboard the "Leonora" for that purpose. Next morning the brig was gone, with Hayes as a passenger, and shortly after turned up at Shanghai. Before she had been ten days in port Pease was in prison, and Hayes was owner of the brig. He fitted her for sea, as usual only paying one bill, which, in this case, was for a spare main-yard, and set off down the China coast, levying

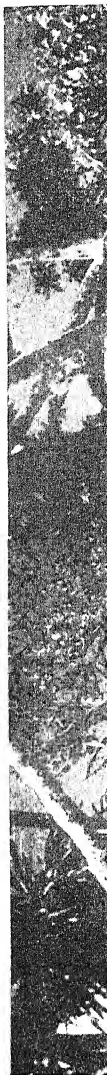
## THE ISLAND WORLD

blackmail on its villages for means to carry out his speculations in the Pacific. . . .

How he stole the schooner "Giovanni Apiani" is worth recording. She belonged to a Frenchman whom Hayes met at one of the islands in the South Pacific, and with whom he made a bargain for an interest in the schooner, in consideration of a certain sum of money and a share in some of the stations belonging to Hayes. One fine day, as they were sailing smoothly past an island, whose beauties the Frenchman was admiring, he was gently touched behind the ear, and as he turned his head a blow between the eyes "put him to sleep," as he subsequently expressed it, to wake on shore, with the schooner out of sight. In a moment of inconsistent faith in human nature Hayes entrusted Captain Pinkham with the schooner, and never saw her again.

After the loss of another brig at Strong's Island, Hayes changed his tactics, and actually succeeded in persuading the missionaries that he was converted from the error of his ways. How he got possession of the schooner which took him thence to Guam I do not know; but after his arrival there he was captured while bathing, and it was generally believed that his romantic career had come to an end, but he resumed the religious role, this time as a Catholic, and bamboozled the clergy of Manila as effectually as he had the American missionaries.

The Spanish authorities had sufficient evidence to garrote twenty men, but Bully Hayes was equal to the occasion; and whether aided or not by a mistaken interest of the clergy in their new promising convert, he managed to escape, and turned up at San Francisco, where he succeeded in stealing a





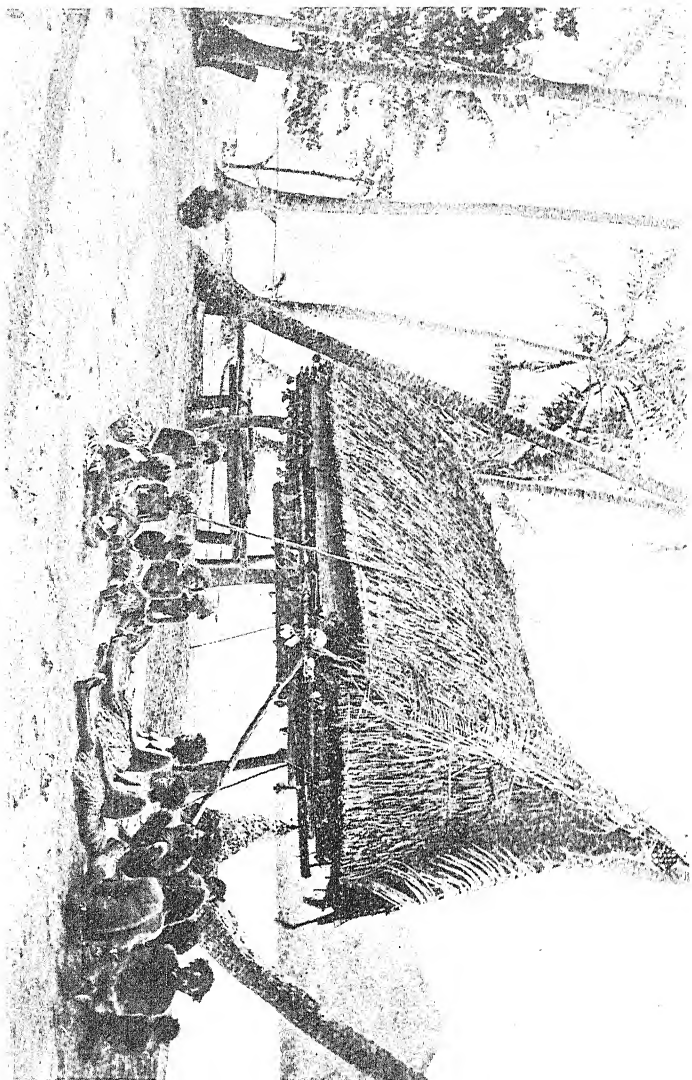
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New Hebrides : Pacific rollers breaking on the Reef at Ink Lagoon, Pango.



*J. W. Lindl*

Native House and People, Maity Pass, Mainland of New Guinea in distance.



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## THE ISLAND WORLD

schooner called the "Lotus" (I know he paid twelve and a half dollars for water, but for nothing else), and in this vessel he was cruising when I was in the Pacific.

Captain Hayes was a handsome man of above the middle height, with a long brown beard always in perfect order. He had a charming manner, dressed always in perfection of taste, and could cut a confiding friend's throat or scuttle his ship with a grace which, at any rate in the Pacific, was unequalled. . . .

This worthy died what may be called a natural death, as he was, very deservedly perhaps, knocked on the head by an officer he had brutally ill-treated. The gossip of the Pacific credits him with many murders, especially of women.

"Coral Lands"—H. STONEHEWER COOPER.

To burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,  
On from island unto island, at gateway of the day.  
Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and  
happy skies,  
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in clusters, knots  
of Paradise,  
Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-  
fruited tree;  
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres  
of sea.

—TENNYSON.

## *"THE HEATHEN IN HIS BLINDNESS"*

I SAT DOWN in Keopuolani's house, and entered into an interesting conversation with her, Hoapiri, and several other chiefs, respecting their ancient traditions and mythology.

One of the ancient gods of Maui, prior to its subjugation by Tamehameha, they said, was Keoroeva. The body of the image was of wood, and was arrayed in garments of native tapa. The head and neck were formed of a kind of fine basket or wicker-work, covered over with red feathers, so curiously wrought in as to resemble the skin of a beautiful bird. A native helmet was placed on the idol's head, from the crown of which long tresses of human hair hung down over its shoulders. Its mouth, like the greater number of the Hawaiian idols, was large and distended.

In all the temples dedicated to its worship, the image was placed within the inner apartment, on the left hand side of the door, and immediately before it stood the altar, on which the offerings of every kind were usually placed. They did not say whether human victims were ever sacrificed to appease its imagined wrath, but large offerings of every thing valuable, were frequent. Sometimes hogs were taken alive, as presents. The large ones were led, and the smaller one carried in the arms

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## THE ISLAND WORLD

of the priest, into the presence of the idols. The priest then pinched the ears or the tail of the pig until it made a squeaking noise, when he addressed the god, saying, "Here is the offering of such a one of your jahu" (devotees). A hole was then made in the pig's ear, a piece of cinet, made of the fibres of the cocoa-nut husk, was fastened on it, and the pig was at liberty until the priest had occasion for him. In consequence of this mark, which distinguished the sacred hog, he was allowed to range the district at pleasure; and whatever depredations he might commit, driving him away from the enclosures into which he had broken, was the only punishment allowed to be inflicted. Keoroeva's hogs were not the only ones thus privileged. The same lenient conduct was observed towards all the sacred pigs, to whatever idol they had been offered. Tiha, a female idol, they said, was also held in great veneration by the people of Maui, and received nearly the same homage and offerings as Keoroeva.

The people of Ranai, an adjacent island, had a number of idols, but those best known by the chiefs with whom I was conversing, were Raeapua and Kaneapua, two large carved stone images, representing the deities supposed to preside over the sea, and worshipped chiefly by fishermen.

Mooarii (king of lizards or alligators), a shark, was also a celebrated marine god, worshipped by the inhabitants of Moroki, another island in the neighbourhood. The chiefs informed me, that on almost every point of land projecting any distance into the sea, a temple was formerly erected for his worship. Several kinds of fish arrive in shoals on their coast, every year, in their respective seasons.

## THE ISLAND WORLD

The first fish of each kind, taken by the fishermen, were always carried to the heiau, and offered to their god, whose influence they imagined had driven them to their shores. In some remote period, perhaps, they had observed the sharks chasing or devouring these fish, as they passed along among their islands, and from this circumstance had been led to deify the monster, supposing themselves indebted to him for the bountiful supplies thus furnished by a gracious Providence.

They had a number of sea gods, besides those whom they imagined directed the shoals of fishes to their shores. They had also gods who controlled the winds and changed the weather. During a storm, or other season of danger at sea, they offered up their paro, or plue kuana, a particular kind of prayer; but it is not known to what idol they addressed it. On these occasions, their dread of perishing at sea frequently led them to make vows to some favourite deity; and if they ever reached the land, it was their first business to repair to the temple, and fulfil their vows. These vows were generally considered most sacred engagements; and it was expected that, sooner or later, some judgment would overtake those who failed to perform them. It is not improbable, that the priests of those idols, in order to maintain their influence over the people, either poisoned the delinquents, or caused them to sustain some other injury.

Karaipahoa was also a famous idol, originally belonging to Morokai. It was a middling-sized wooden image, curiously carved; the arms were extended, the fingers spread out, the head was ornamented with human hair, and the widely dis-

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## THE ISLAND WORLD

tended mouth was armed with rows of shark's teeth.

The wood of which the image was made was so poisonous that if a small piece of it was chipped into a dish of poe, or steeped in water, whoever ate the poe, or drank the water, the natives reported, would certainly die in less than twenty-four hours afterwards. We were never able to procure a sight of this image, though we have been repeatedly informed that it still exists.

"Tour Through Hawaii"—WM. ELLIS.



Polynesian Idols

## MURRAY OF PAPUA

ON the 27th February, 1940, Sir Hubert Murray died at Samarai, Papua. As he had wished, he died in harness. To the last he worked as he had worked all through his life. And within an hour of his death he had not relinquished, or delegated, a single one of the multifarious duties that, as Governor, he had taken upon himself.

That a blow is known to be inevitable does not by any means soften its impact when it falls. And the news of his sudden death came to the people of Papua as a shock so severe and a loss so devastating that not even the latest arrival in the colony was left unaffected. For not only has Papua lost a great Governor; not only has Australia lost one of the most remarkable and the most able men who ever devoted their lives to her service; but every settler in Papua has lost a personal and deeply respected friend. Australia, the Empire, the world, are the poorer for his going; but they are infinitely richer for the life that he lived and through the work, as remarkable in quality as in volume, that he performed.

Peaceful penetration was the watchword of his Administration. Peaceful in the first smoothly-flowing impact of widening influence; peaceful in the operation of governmental control over erst-

## THE ISLAND WORLD

while savages to whom fear and bloodshed had been inevitable elements in his life; and peaceful in the opportunity that his rule afforded for unity, mutual understanding, and constructive progress.

Justice was his guiding principle. Justice tempered with mercy and mellowed by human understanding. Protection of the weak, control of the strong; and through these things the smooth spreading of civilization and the honour of Australia. He was a fighter always. A fighter wise, far-seeing, formidable, self-controlled, who never struck unnecessarily, but whose every blow advanced the splendid cause for which he lived, worked and died.

. . . . .

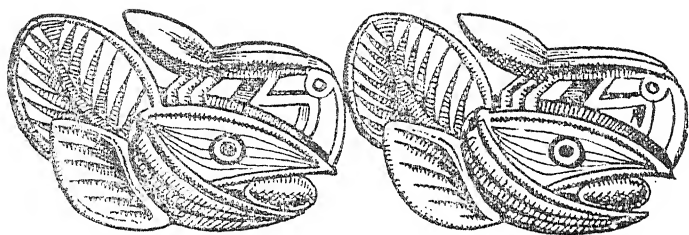
The body was borne by air from Samarai to Port Moresby, and the state funeral was carried out with all the ceremony and parade that Papua could provide. In the big group of native villages near the capital the custom of Masi Ariana—the Death Ceremony—was revived after several generations of disuse. For forty days and nights the death-fires glowed continuously, while all feasting and dancing were forbidden. Then some five thousand natives gathered for the final rite, and to hear, amid a wealth of picturesque and dignified ritual, the valedictory speeches spoken clearly above the soft tapping of a thousand drums.

But it remained for Canberra to pay the tribute that would most have gratified Australia's good and faithful servant. There was an interregnum that seemed long to those who waited anxiously for a decision, but which was really no longer than was



dictated by full respect for Sir Hubert's memory. And then Canberra appointed as his successor a man of his own name and his own family; the man whom he himself had trained almost from boyhood in the methods and the difficult intricacies of native administration.

"The Papuan Achievement"—LEWIS LETT.



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## QUEEN OF THE BUTTERFLIES

*The largest and most beautiful of all butterflies inhabit New Guinea, the Solomons and other South Sea Islands. One of the rarest kinds, a magnificent insect, is Ornithoptera Victorix, whose history is a little entomological romance. The female was discovered in 1854, when John Macgillivray, naturalist on board H.M.S. "Herald," captured a solitary specimen on Guadalcanar, in the Solomons. No further specimens were known until 1886, when Charles M. Woodford captured several on Malaita.—C.B.*

Some of the crew had gone ashore to cut firewood, and I had accompanied them. We posted two sentries, armed with loaded rifles, to keep watch. I had wandered about a hundred yards along the beach, but beyond a few common Euploea I had seen nothing worth catching, and had turned to rejoin my companions, when I saw what I at first mistook, as the sun was in my eyes, for a pigeon coming towards me. It passed out of reach about ten feet over my head, nor did I see it again; but as it passed over me I saw that it was an immense butterfly, which I was able afterwards to identify as a female of *Ornithoptera Victorix*.

Three or four days afterwards we arrived at North-West Bay, at the end of Malaita, and at this

place, for the same reason, we had to use great caution in going ashore. We were anchored off a small beach of white pebbles about a quarter of a mile in length, fringed by a dense growth of forest trees. At one end of the beach a stream entered the sea, but the action of the waves had washed up a bar of pebbles across its mouth, making a deep pool, admirable as a bathing-place, just inside the bar.

The schooner was anchored less than a hundred yards from the shore, and I had been ashore all the morning on the beach, keeping a man constantly on the lookout on board in case of attack by natives. I had taken several good insects, which made me anxious to spend every available minute that it was possible to do ashore. In the afternoon it was proposed to take all the boys on shore—we had at the time nearly a hundred—to bathe in the fresh water. Posting our sentries, the whole ship's company were soon engaged splashing and diving in the pool, myself among the rest. All at once I saw one of the same huge butterflies that I had seen at Uru a day or two before flying slowly along the beach over my head. I scrambled out of the water, seized my net, and, *puris naturalibus*, started in pursuit. I tread upon a sharp stone and fall head over heels, but picking myself up again, continue the chase along the beach, till at last, just as my quarry is rising among the trees, I come up with it, and by a well-directed stroke enclose it in my net. I leave it to any ardent entomologist to imagine my feelings on this occasion.

The same afternoon I got a male in very good condition, and the boys brought me another that they knocked down with a bush, and, of course,

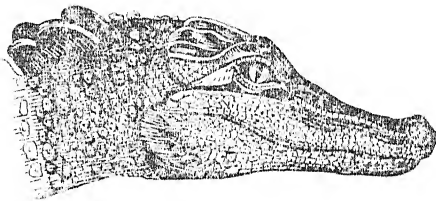
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## THE ISLAND WORLD

badly damaged. I saw several more, but as they kept high up among the trees I thought I would try to shoot them with dust-shot. I was carrying a 16-bore gun, into one barrel of which a Morris tube .360 bore was fitted, and by its aid I shot two more females. The following extract is from my diary:—  
“At one time there were no less than three males and two females flying about the flowers of one tree, but they were too high even to shoot at. A most beautiful but tantalising sight.” Upon returning on board and comparing my captures with a rough tracing of the female in the Natural History Museum which had been supplied me, I found that I had rediscovered the long-lost *Ornithoptera Victoria*.

“A Naturalist Among the Headhunters”

C. M. WOODFORD.



## LIFE AT LOOHOOLOO

FINDING the society at Loohooloo very pleasant, the young ladies, in particular, being extremely sociable; and, moreover, in love with the famous good cheer of old Marharvai, we acquiesced in an invitation of his to tarry a few days longer. We might then, he said, join a small canoe party which was going to a place a league or two distant. So averse to all exertion are these people that they really thought the prospect of thus getting rid of a few miles' walking would prevail with us even if there were no other inducement.

The people of the hamlet, as we soon discovered, formed a snug little community of cousins; of which our host seemed the head. Marharvai, in truth, was a petty chief who owned the neighbouring lands. And as the wealthy, in most cases, rejoice in a numerous kindred, the family footing upon which everybody visited him was, perhaps, ascribable to the fact of his being the lord of the manor. Like Captain Bob, he was, in some things, a gentleman of the old school—a stickler for the customs of a past and pagan age.

Nowhere else, except in Tamai, did we find the manners of the natives less vitiated by recent changes. The old-fashioned Tahitian dinner they

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## THE ISLAND WORLD

gave us on the day of our arrival was a fair sample of their general mode of living.

Our time passed delightfully. The doctor went his way, and I mine. With a pleasant companion, he was forever strolling inland, ostensibly to collect botanical specimens; while I, for the most part, kept near the sea; sometimes taking the girls an aquatic excursion in a canoe.

Often we went fishing; not dozing over stupid hooks and lines, but leaping right into the water, and chasing our prey over the coral rocks, spear in hand.

Spearing fish is glorious sport. The Imeeose, all round the island, catch them in no other way. The smooth shallows between the reef and the shore, and, at low water, the reef itself, being admirably adapted to this mode of capturing them. At almost any time of the day—save ever the sacred hour of noon—you may see the fish-hunters pursuing their sport; with loud haloos, brandishing their spears, and splashing through the water in all directions. Sometimes a solitary native is seen, far out upon a lonely shallow, wading slowly along, with eye intent and poised spear.

But the best sport of all is going out upon the great reef itself by torch-light. The natives follow this recreation with as much spirit as a gentleman of England does the chase; and take full as much delight in it. The torch is nothing more than a bunch of dry reeds, bound firmly together: the spear, a long, light pole, with an iron head, on one side barbed.

I shall never forget the night that old Marharvai and the rest of us, paddling off to the reef, leaped

## THE ISLAND WORLD

at midnight upon the coral ledges with waving torches and spears. We were more than a mile from the land; the sullen ocean, thundering upon the outside of the rocks, dashed the spray in our faces, almost extinguishing the flambeaux; and, far as eye could reach, the darkness of sky and water was streaked with a long, misty line of foam, marking the course of the coral barrier. The wild fishermen, flourishing their weapons, and yelling like so many demons to scare their prey, sprang from ledge to ledge, and sometimes darted their spears in the very midst of the breakers.

But fish-spearing was not the only sport we had at Loohooloo. Right on the beach was a mighty old cocoa-nut tree, the roots of which has been underwashed by the waves so that the trunk inclined far over its base. From the tuft of a tree a stout cord of bark depended, the end of which swept the water several yards from the shore. This was a Tahitian swing. A native lad seizes hold of the cord, and, after swinging to and fro quite leisurely, all at once sends himself fifty or sixty feet from the water, rushing through the air like a rocket. I doubt whether any of our rope-dancers would attempt the feat. For my own part, I had neither head nor heart for it; so, after sending a lad aloft with an additional cord, by way of security, I constructed a large basket of green boughs, in which I and some particular friends of mine used to swing over sea and land by the hour.

"Omoo"—HERMAN MELVILLE.

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## *HOW FIRE CAME TO TONGA*

**A**FTER the peopling of the earth it was long before fire was known. Of course no food could be cooked. This want was at last supplied in the following way. Maui Atalonga and Maui Kijikiji lived at Koloa in Hafaa. Every morning Maui Atalonga left his home to visit Bulotu; every afternoon he returned, bringing with him cooked food. He never took Kijikiji with him, nor did he allow his son to find out the mode by which he made the journey; for Kijikiji was young, full of fun, and fond of practical jokes. Kijikiji's curiosity was awakened, however, and he determined to find out his father's path and follow him to Bulotu. He traced him to the mouth of a cave, over which grew a large reed bush, so as to hide it from the observation of passers-by. But young Maui made a prying search, found the entrance, and descended.

Arrived at Bulotu, he saw his father at work with his back towards him; he was busy with a plot of ground that he kept under cultivation. Young Maui plucked a fruit from the nonu-tree (this fruit is somewhat larger than an apple), bit a piece off, and in his mischievous way, threw the remainder at his father. The father picked it up, saw the marks of his son's teeth, turned and said: "What brings you here? Mind what you are doing? This Bulotu is a



## THE ISLAND WORLD

dreadful place." He then proceeded to warn him against the dangers attending bad conduct. Maui set Kijikiji to help him in clearing a piece of ground—and above all, he begged him not to look behind him. Instead of minding his father's advice, Kijikiji did his work very badly. He would pull up a few weeds and then look behind him. All the morning it was weed and look round, weed and look round, so that very little good was done. The weeds grew apace, much faster than father and son could pull up.

Afternoon came, and Maui Atalonga wished to cook his food. "Go," he said to his son, "and get a little fire." This was just what Kijikiji wanted. "Where shall I go?" "To the Modua." Off he went, and found the oldest Maui lying on a mat by the fire-side for warmth. His fire was a large iron-wood tree, heated at one end. Young Maui appeared. The old man was much surprised at the intrusion, but did not know his grandson. "What do you want?" he asked. "Some fire." "Take some." Young Maui put a little in a cocoa-nut shell and carried it a short way. But his love of mischief springing up, he blew it out, and went back to the old man with an empty shell. The same questions and answers followed. Again young Maui obtained the precious gift, and again he made away with it. A third time he appeared before his grandfather. The old man was nettled. "Take the whole of it," said he. Young Maui, without more ado, took up the immense iron-wood tree and walked off with it.

Now the old man knew him to be something more than mortal, and shouted after him, "Helo, he, he, Ke-ta-fai," a challenge to wrestle. Quite ready for

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## THE ISLAND WORLD

this also, the youth turned. They closed and wrestled. Old Maui seized his opponent by the dress that was tightly girded round his waist, swung him round, his feet clearing the ground, and dashed him towards earth. Kijikiji, catlike, lighted on his feet. It was now his turn; and seizing his grandfather in the same way, he swung him round, flung him on the ground, and broke every bone in his body. Old Maui has been in a decrepit state ever since. He lies, feeble and sleepy, underneath the earth. When an earthquake threatens, the Tonguese shout the war-hoop in order to awaken old Maui, whom they suppose to be turning round. They fear lest he should get, up, and in rising, overturn the world.

On the return of Kijikiji to his father, he was asked what had detained him so long. The youth was silent; and as he refused to answer any questions about the old man, Maui-Atalonga suspected that something was wrong. He went to see, found old Maui bruised and disabled, and hastened back to punish his son. The son ran off, and the father chased him vigorously, but without success. Evening came on, and the two prepared to return to earth. Maui cautioned his son against taking any fire with him; but again the sober spirit of the elder was no match for the trickiness of the younger god. He wrapped up a little fire in the end of the long garment that he wore, and trailed it after him. The father went on first. As he was nearing the summit he began to sniff. "I smell fire," said he. Young Maui was close behind. He hurried on, hastily drew up his sash, and scattered its contents all around. The neighbouring trees were soon on fire, and for a time the earth seemed to be in great peril. How-

## THE ISLAND WORLD

ever, the evil was soon checked, while the good remained. A lasting benefit was conferred on the islanders who have, ever since, been able to light a fire, and cook their food.

"Tonga and the Friendly Islands"

—SARAH S. FARMER.

### *A POET'S PROPHECY*

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Even the favour'd isles  
So lately found, although the constant sun  
Cheer all their seasons with a grateful smile,  
Can boast but little virtue, and, inert  
Through plenty, lose in morals what they gain  
In climate; victims of luxurious ease.  
These, therefore, I can pity; placed remote  
From all that science traces, art invents,  
Or inspiration teaches; and inclosed  
In boundless oceans never to be passed  
By navigators uniform'd as they,  
Or ploughed, perhaps, by British bark again.

—COWPER.

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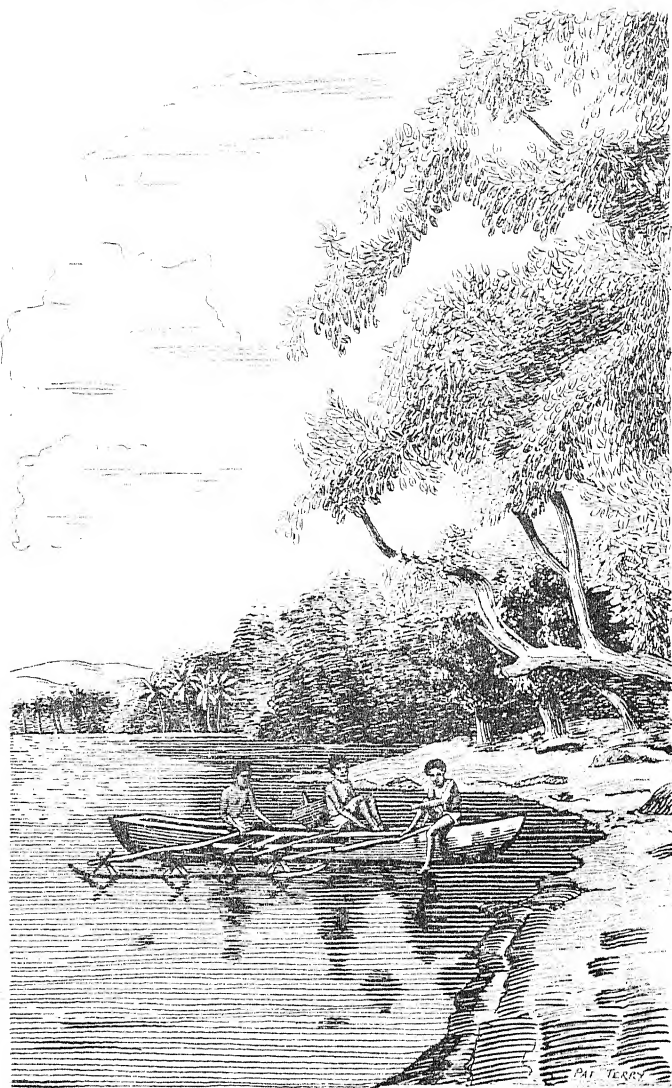
## VOLCANIC ISLES

VOLCANIC DISTURBANCES appear to be continually occurring amongst the islands of Tonga or the Friendly Group; and, owing to some remarkable submarine agency, the missionary brig, "John Wesley," was totally wrecked, in November, 1865, on the island of Tau. Being bound to Tonga, the vessel, lying-to during the night amongst the reefs, was suddenly driven forward by an alarming race of current towards one of them; just afterwards, three tremendous tidal waves carried the vessel clean over the outer edge of the reef, and left her nearly dry, where she remained a total wreck, the missionaries and crew narrowly escaping with their lives.

In the New Hebrides are the active volcanoes of Tanna and Ambrym. Around the slopes of the former are numerous fumaroles or spiraculæ, which, whenever an explosion takes place, emit large quantities of sulphurous vapours. These fumaroles extend in some places close down to the sea; and at high water, many of the hot springs, so numerous thereabouts, are covered by the tide.

Forster, who observed these islands on Cook's second voyage, says of them: "When we were in the midst of the New Hebrides we saw a fine large island, which had all the appearance of the great-

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## THE ISLAND WORLD

est fertility and highest cultivation. We remarked on its summit, in two places, a smoke rising, of a much greyer hue than that from an ordinary fire. Coming afterwards to Mallicollo, we learned from the natives that this isle was called Ambrym, and that there was a fire coming out of the hills. We observed on the south-east side of the island (which is gently sloping, and has a very beautiful appearance) white columns of smoke, rolling with great velocity and strength out of the summit of one of the inland hills, which, however, was not the highest hill on the isle. The north shores of Mallicollo were covered with pumice-stones of various sizes.

"The Island of Tanna was seen by us afterwards. The night preceding our arrival we observed a very great fire on this isle, every now and then blazing up with violence. In the morning we saw plainly a volcano at the end of a low range of hills, not elevated more than 120 or 150 yards above the sea; its aspect was that of a truncated cone, quite barren, of a reddish grey, and having the appearance of being formed by ashes, pumice, and lava. Every four or five minutes we perceived a straight column of smoke of a reddish cast rising with great velocity. After the smoke, or rather column of ignited ashes, had risen to a considerable height, the resistance of the air and its own gravitation brought it down, when it branched out into separate masses, assuming the form of a large cauliflower. The clouds of smoke and ashes emitted from the volcano had all the various hues of yellow, orange, red, and dark purple, dying away into brownish grey."

"Polynesia"—G. FRENCH ANGAS.

## SOLOMON ISLANDS' CANOES

PERHAPS the Solomon Islands are more celebrated for their canoes than for anything else, and if so, I think with reason. Not even the gondolas of Venice are more exquisitely graceful than these little boats. They are made of bent planks of wood held together with strong thwarts and cemented with a kind of gum obtained from a tree. The stern is always carried up to a considerable height, like the bow of a gondola, and in large canoes both bow and stern are of the same graceful shape. They are narrow and have no outrigger, but sit on the water literally "like a duck." When the bow is not carried up in the gondola form I have mentioned, it is often made to represent a shark's head, and always in a canoe of any pretensions whatever there is a large amount of inlaying work, the designs being quaint and conventional, but certainly not without merit.

I suppose these canoes are the most "crank" craft in the world, yet the natives can take them out in fairly rough weather, and always manage them wonderfully. The paddles are short and thin, and are used indifferently on either side, two or three strokes on one side, then two or three on the other, and so on. In all the villages that we visited in this group we found one or two canoe-

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## THE ISLAND WORLD

houses, where those not in use were kept, and almost every chief of note had a state canoe, usually in a house by itself. The work expended on some of the more magnificent ones surprised me very much, in some cases there being many thousands of pieces of pearl shell, all elaborately shaped and let-in in accordance with an elaborate design.

"The Western Pacific"—WALTER COOTE.





## THE VALLEY OF MARTAIR

WE WENT UP through groves to an open space, where we heard voices, and a light was seen glimmering from out a bamboo dwelling. It was the planters' retreat; and in their absence, several girls were keeping house, assisted by an old native, who, wrapped up in tappa, lay in the corner, smoking.

A hasty meal was prepared, and after it we essayed a nap; but, alas! a plague little anticipated, prevented. Unknown in Tahiti, the mosquitoes here fairly eddied round us. But more of them anon.

We were up betimes, and strolled out to view the country. We were in the Valley of Martair; shut in, on both sides, by lofty hills. Here and there were steep cliffs, gay with flowering shrubs, or hung with pendulous vines, swinging blossoms in the air. Of considerable width at the sea, the vale contracts as it runs inland; terminating, at the distance of several miles, in a range of the most grotesque elevations, which seem embattled with turrets and towers, grown over with verdure, and waving with trees. The valley itself is a wilderness of woodland; with links of streams flashing through, and narrow pathways fairly tunnelled through masses of foliage.

All alone, in this wild place, was the abode of the planters; the only one back from the beach—their sole neighbours, the few fishermen and their

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families, dwelling in a small grove of cocoa-nut trees whose roots were washed by the sea. The cleared tract which they occupied comprised some thirty acres, level as a prairie, part of which was under cultivation; the whole being fenced in by a stout palisade of trunks and boughs of trees staked firmly in the ground. This was necessary as a defence against the wild cattle and hogs overrunning the island.

Thus far, Tombez potatoes\* were the principal crop raised; a ready sale for them being obtained among the shipping touching at Papeete. There was a small patch of the taro, or Indian turnip, also; another of yams, and in one corner, a thrifty growth of the sugar-cane, just ripening.

On the side of the enclosure next the sea was the house; newly-built of bamboos, in the native style. The furniture consisted of a couple of sea-chests, an old box, a few cooking utensils, and agricultural tools; together with three fowling-pieces, hanging from a rafter; and two enormous hammocks swinging in opposite corners, and composed of dried bullocks' hides, stretched out with poles.

The whole plantation was shut in by a dense forest; and, close by the house, a dwarfed "Aoa," or species of banian-tree, had purposely been left twisting over the palisade, in the most grotesque manner, and thus made a pleasant shade. The

\*Perhaps the finest sweet potato in the world. It derives its name from a district of Peru, near Cape Blanco, very favourable to its growth; where, also, it is extensively cultivated. The root is very large, sometimes as big as a good-sized melon.

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branches of this curious tree afforded low perches, upon which the natives frequently squatted, after the fashion of their race, and smoked and gossiped by the hour.

We had a good breakfast of fish—speared by the natives, before sunrise, on the reef—pudding of Indian turnips, fried bananas, and roasted bread-fruit.

During the repast, our new friends were quite sociable and communicative. It seems that, like nearly all uneducated foreigners, residing in Polynesia, they had, some time previous, deserted from a ship; and, having heard a good deal about the money to be made by raising supplies for whaling-vessels, they determined upon embarking in this business. Strolling about, with this intention, they, at last, came to Martair; and, thinking the soil would suit, set themselves to work. They began by finding out the owner of the particular spot coveted, and then making a "tayo" of him.

He turned out to be Tonoï, the chief of the fishermen; who, one day, when exhilarated with brandy, tore his meagre tappa from his loins, and gave me to know that he was allied by blood with Pomaree herself; and that his mother came from the illustrious race of pontiffs, who, in old times, swayed their bamboo crosier over all the pagans of Imeeo. A regal, and right reverend lineage! But, at the time I speak of, the dusky noble was in decayed circumstances, and, therefore, by no means unwilling to alienate a few useless acres. As an equivalent, he received from the strangers two or three rheumatic old muskets, several red woollen shirts, and a

## THE ISLAND WORLD

promise to be provided for in his old age: he was always to find a home with the planters.

Desirous of living on the cosy footing of a father-in-law, he frankly offered his two daughters for wives; but as such, they were politely declined; the adventurers, though not averse to courting, being unwilling to entangle themselves in a matrimonial alliance, however splendid in point of family.

Tonoi's men, the fishermen of the grove, were a sad set. Secluded, in a great measure, from the ministrations of the missionaries, they gave themselves up to all manner of lazy wickedness. Strolling among the trees of a morning, you came upon them napping on the shady side of a canoe hauled up among the bushes; lying on a tree, smoking; or, more frequently still, gambling with pebbles; though, a little tobacco excepted, what they gambled for at their outlandish games, it would be hard to tell. Other idle diversions they had also, in which they seemed to take great delight. As for fishing, it employed but a small part of their time. Upon the whole, they were a merry, indigent, godless race.

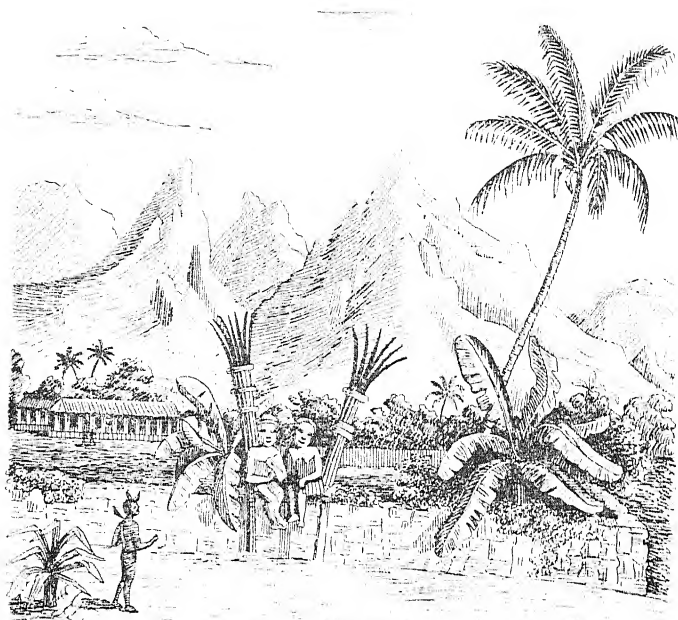
Tonoi, the old sinner, leaning against the fallen trunk of a cocoa-nut tree, invariably squandered his mornings at pebbles; a grey-headed rock of a native regularly plucking him of every other stick of tobacco obtained from his friends, the planters. Toward afternoon, he strolled back to their abode; where he tarried till the next morning, smoking and snoozing, and, at times, prating about the hapless fortunes of the House of Tonoi. But like any other easy-going old dotard, he seemed for the most part perfectly content with cheerful board and lodging.

On the whole, the Valley of Martair was the quiet-

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est place imaginable. Could the mosquitoes be induced to emigrate, one might spend the month of August there quite pleasantly. But this was not the case with the luckless Long Ghost and myself.

"Omoo."—HERMAN MELVILLE.



Marquesas: A Burial Place.

## DISCOVERY OF NEW GUINEA

THE FIRST discovery of Papua was made so long ago as the year 1511, by the Portuguese. In the year 1528, Alvaro de Saavedra, sailing eastward from the Moluccas, fell in with a part of the "land called Papua." The Spaniards, believing the country abounded with gold, gave it the name of *Isla del Oro*. The inhabitants seen were "black, with short curly hair; they went naked, but had swords and other arms made of iron." From the resemblance between the natives of this country and those of the coast of Guinea, this newly discovered land was afterwards styled "New Guinea" by Ruy Lopez de Villalobas, who, visiting it in 1545, believed it not before to have been known to Europeans.

The first navigator who saw the southern shores of New Guinea, appears to have been Luiz Vaez de Torres, in the Spanish frigate "*La Almiranta*", when coming from the eastward in 1606. He previously met with some of the islands of the *Louisiade Archipelago*, which he called the "beginning of New Guinea", and, being unable to weather them to proceed northwards, he coasted in a westerly direction along its southern shores, passing through the straits that now bear his name.

In 1616 Schouten and Le Maire came to the coast of New Guinea, and sent their shallop on shore, when

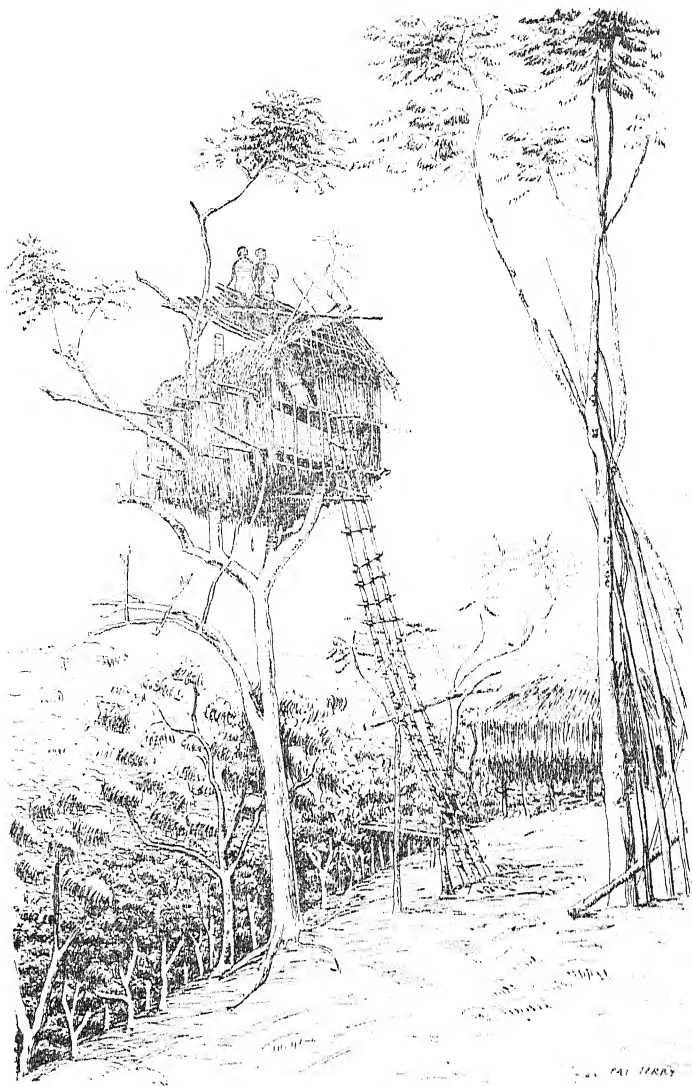
## THE ISLAND WORLD

they were attacked by the natives with slings and stones. A similar occurrence took place when Dampier, at a later period, visited New Britain; from being thus assailed by the inhabitants, he called the spot Slinger's Bay.

Portions of the eastern coast of New Guinea were examined by Dampier in the year 1700. He describes that part of the country as being mountainous and woody, full of rich valleys and pleasant fresh-water rivulets. The inhabitants he found everywhere treacherous, and on landing to obtain wood and water was obliged, on several occasions, to fire at them. Dampier describes an active volcano on an island close to the north-eastern shore, "which island all night vomited fire and smoke very amazingly; and at every belch we heard a dreadful noise like thunder, and saw a flame of fire after it, the most terrifying that I ever saw: and then might be seen a great stream of fire running down to the foot of the island, even to the seashore." This volcano lies in latitude 5 deg. 33 min. S., 332 miles west of Cape St. George.

Seventy years after the explorations of Dampier, our great navigator, Captain Cook, when passing through Torres Straits, landed on the coast of New Guinea, along with Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander. No sooner had they waded ashore, than the natives came running out of the woods, shouting in the most violent manner. They threw lances at them, and "something out of their hands, which flew on one side of them, burning in the same manner as gunpowder." Captain Cook and his companions, having been compelled to discharge their muskets at them, they retreated, letting off their

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New Guinea Tree-house



fires, a few at a time, in a kind of regular platoons; they appeared to be discharged by means of pieces of hollow cane, which, when swung sideways, produced fire and smoke like that occasioned by the letting off of small arms. At this spot, which was a little to the northwards of Cape Valschar, Captain Cook found groves of cocoa-nut trees, together with plantains and bread-fruit. The breeze from the aromatic shrubs on shore is said to have been charged with a fragrance resembling that of gum benjamin.

In 1768 M. de Bougainville, the French circumnavigator, with two vessels, unexpectedly fell in with the mainland of New Guinea. He says: "Long before dawn, a delicious odour informed us of the vicinity of this land which formed a great gulf open to the south-east. I have seldom seen a country which presented so beautiful a prospect! a low land, divided into plains and groves, extended along the seashore, and afterwards rose like an amphitheatre up to the mountains, whose summits were lost in the clouds. There were three ranges of mountains, and the highest chain was distant about seventy-five miles from the shore."

Captain Thomas Forrest, of the "Tartar" galley, belonging to the East India Company, visited, in 1774, the harbour of Dorey, situated in the north-west extremity of New Guinea. He describes the men as, "wearing their hair brushed out so much round their heads, that its circumference was not less than three feet. In this they stuck a comb, with four or five long diverging teeth, with which they now and then combed their frizzy locks in a direc-

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## THE ISLAND WORLD

tion outwards, as with the design of making them look more bulk."

At Ootenata, on the south-west side of New Guinea, the Dutch, in the year 1828, established a fort, and 118 miles of territory were taken possession of by them in the name of the King of the Netherlands, but it was soon afterwards abandoned.

"Polynesia"—G. FRENCH-ANGAS.



An Island Dandy

## HAWAII AND JAPAN

WHEN THESE ISLANDS first came to be inhabited cannot be conjectured: whence is probable. Tradition reaches not to their origin, although curious fables of Hawaiian cosmogony do. But the natives preserve the genealogy of seventy-three kings, have the names of some of the South Pacific islands, knew the direction of the Society Islands, the nearest inhabited group, and have tales of their ancestors' coming thence; and their language is a dialect of the one great family of Polynesian tongues. When a Japanese junk came ashore at Aaiialua, on the Island of Oahu, and the natives saw the few survivors, men looking much like themselves, who had been drifting out of their course for nearly a year, and were five thousand miles from their homes, the missionary there told me that the first inference and talk of the natives was, "Now we know whence our fathers came from." A number of well authenticated facts like this point to the way in which all the islands of the Pacific may have been populated, and indicate, too, how the highly-civilised aborigines of South America may have had their beginning directly in a pair of Japanese blown off by a typhoon from the shores of Eastern Asia, instead of our having to trace them down from Behring's Straits through the length of North America.

"Island World of the Pacific"

—HENRY CHEEVERS.

## CONCERNING THE COCOA-NUT PALM

THE COCOA-NUT PALM is closely confined to the tropics, and wherever it ventures beyond their limits, it loses in elegance of aspect and power of productiveness. In the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii), just at the edge of the torrid zone, it has a mean look, and yields fruit in such comparatively small quantities, that the nuts were formerly, during the time of paganism, considered so great a luxury, that only the men—the privileged class in all barbarous countries—were allowed to partake of them, the women being strictly forbidden to touch them, and threatened with the vengeance of the gods in case of disobedience. This custom was rigorously kept up for many centuries—though no doubt often broken through clandestinely—until a female chief had the boldness to set it at defiance, publicly braved the anger of the carved idols, and thus secured to herself and her sex an advantage which had long been withheld from them—an act deserving the more to be recorded, as it was the prelude to the entire downfall of the superstitious system, preventing the free development of the Sandwich Islanders, to be followed by similar manifestations of an awakened reason and the ultimate establishment of Christianity in one of its purest forms. . . .

The cocoa-nut tree attains a height of from sixty

## THE ISLAND WORLD

to a hundred feet, and a diameter of one or two feet; its cylindrical trunk, crowned on the summit with numerous waving, feathery leaves, has a splendid effect, and forms an elegant object of inter-tropical scenery; it is seen on the arid, sandy shores, with its roots laved by the surges, as well as in the rich valleys, overshadowing the huts of the natives; but when it is found inland, it is inferior in size to what it is on the seashore and about the dwellings of natives. The Cingalese have a saying that cocoa-nut trees do not thrive unless "you walk and talk amongst them," indicating that the trees thrive best when carefully attended to.

In time of sickness the natives often make use of the young cocoa-nut trees as offerings to the supposed offended spirits. From the trunk the Tahitians extract a gummy substance, called pia pia; it possesses no fragrant property, but is used by the females to spread over their hair, in the same manner that they are accustomed to use the viscid gum of the bread-fruit tree. The wood is devoted to various purposes: among the Polynesians it is used for shears, rafters, fences, etc., and converted into charcoal. When the tree has ceased to bear fruit, it is most valuable, and is imported into the European markets under the name of porcupine-wood. Among the Cingalese it is used for rafters, laths, shingles, chairs, ladies' work-boxes, etc.; but during the period of its most abundant bearing (considered to be between ten and thirty-five years' growth), the heart is of so soft and spongy a nature that it is merely used for fences, water-pipes, etc.

The leaves are from eighteen to twenty feet long; the Cingalese split them in halves, and plait the

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## THE ISLAND WORLD

segments, so as to make baskets. Under the denomination of "cadjans," they form the usual covering of their huts, as well as the European bungalows. Many of the natives' huts are constructed there, as well as in Polynesia, almost entirely of materials derived from the cocoa-nut tree. The Tahitians plait the leaves (niau) for screens, or as a covering for the floors; for similar purposes, and also as a thatch, it is used by the natives of the islands of Rotuma, Tongatabu, and other of the Polynesian islands. The Tahitians call the screens paua, and they also manufacture neat baskets, one kind of which is termed arairi, and another oini: a shade called taho niau is made of the plaited leaves, and placed over the eyes to protect them from the unpleasant solar reflection from their sandy roads and beaches; the yellow leaves (rau para) are preferred for this purpose, their colour being much admired. The leaves formerly played a part in many of the religious ceremonies of the Tahitians, and were also an emblem of authority; they were sent by the chiefs to their dependents when any requisition was made. Through the leaf they tied to the sacrifice the god was supposed to enter; and by the same road the evil spirits, who, it was imagined, tormented those afflicted with diseases, were driven out. Bunches or strings of the segments were also suspended in the temple on certain occasions, and answered the same purpose as rosaries, reminding the worshippers of the order of the prayers.

The heart, or very young leaves, called the cabbage, is an excellent vegetable, either cooked or dressed in stews, hashes, or ragouts. The Cingalese use the dried, old leaves as torches, both for them-

## THE ISLAND WORLD

selves during the dark nights or to carry before the carriages and palanquins of Europeans; they also use the spathe for a similar purpose, as well as for fuel; and at Rotuma and other Polynesian islands it is also adopted for a like purpose. At Tongatabu, one of the Friendly Islands, combs are made of the midrib of the segments, the upper part being beautifully worked with the fibre of the husk, or bulu. "These combs, from their neat appearance, were," says Bennett, "in great requisition during the time I visited that island, and all the women were busily employed during our stay in making them to exchange with the papalangi (foreign) officers and crew for trifling articles. The combs were stained by the bark of the koko-tree of a dark reddish colour, intended as a rude imitation of tortoiseshell."

The washermen of Ceylon burn the foliage for the sake of its alkaline ashes; the midribs of the leaves, when tied together, form brooms for the decks of ships. The Cingalese use the unexpanded leaves in forming ornaments, on the occasion of any festival, decorating arches, etc., in various picturesque forms of crowns, flowers, etc.

There is one portion of the tree which attracts much the attention of the observer—it is a kind of network at the base of the petiole, which when very young is delicate, beautifully white, and transparent, but when having attained maturity becomes coarse and tough, and changes to a brown colour. It is stripped off in large pieces, and used in Ceylon as strainers, particular for the toddy, which is usually full of impurities when first taken from the tree. . . .

A tree produces several bunches of nuts; and

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## THE ISLAND WORLD

from twelve to twenty large nuts, besides several small unproductive ones, may be seen on each bunch. In good situations the fruit is gathered four or five times in the course of the year. The latter is most used as an article of food, both meat and drink, when green or young (oua of the Tahitians, koroomba of the Cingalese); in that state it yields an abundance of a delicious, cooling beverage, to which Madeira wine, brandy, etc., is sometimes added. The water, beautifully clear, has a sweetness, with a slight degree of astringency, which renders it very agreeable. This liquid has been erroneously considered as injurious (producing a predisposition to dropsical complaints), and among the Tahitians as one of the exciting causes of fefe, or elephantiasis. "But," says Bennett, "I have adopted this cooling beverage during my frequent and long visits to intertropical countries, and have always found it the most cooling and refreshing beverage during my excursions; but when an immoderate quantity is drunk, I have known a slight degree of strangury produced by it. The ladies, however, who may fear taking it internally, are informed that to the water of the green coconut is ascribed that inestimable property to them, of clearing the face of all wrinkles and imperfections whatever, and imparting to it the rosy tints of youthful days!"

"Popular History of the Palms"  
—Dr. BERTHOLD SEEMANN.



## KING GEORGE OF TONGA

WE MET the congregation coming out of church in the afternoon, King George, of the Friendly Islands, heading the crowd. A fine-looking old fellow, dressed, as some of the natives were, in black tailcoat and white duck trousers. Many of the women, oh, horror! were dressed in the garments of Europe. Never had European dress appeared to me so out of place, or to such gross disadvantage. Beneath their hats—gaudy and vulgar to the last degree, as was the rest of the costume—fell loose black hair, thin, straggly, and dirty-looking; and their faces, I am thankful to say, were ugly—very! no pretty girl surely would dress like that. I am glad to believe that this style of dress is not encouraged by the missionaries. . . .

We sent our band to play to the natives in the afternoon; we lounging about the King's palace and verandah, and the natives sitting round on the grass outside. The music was much appreciated by Royalty, including three princesses, grand-daughters of the King—fat, sonsie, good-looking lasses they were—also by the handmaidens aforementioned, the feet of one of them, a roguish little Fijian, commencing an involuntary twinkle, which was encored by us naval men, but at once put a stop to by her august Majesty, who bundled them all out of the room. Extreme

## THE ISLAND WORLD

embonpoint is in the South Seas much admired, and the Queen ought certainly to be the admiration of all her subjects. She is a very good woman, and doubtless a dear old lady. We took photos of them both, she dressed in one of those dreadful hats and muslin garments of Europe.

The King is a fine tall fellow, though now rather old. An ardent missionary himself, he thereby gives the Wesleyan missionaries great influence over the natives, an influence which they have to a marvellous degree. The Roman Catholics have, of course, many converts, for, to the untutored mind of a South Sea Islander there must be a load of convenience in being able to obtain absolution, and also a bigger load of the same in not having to pay for their professed belief by contributions of palm-oil. The Wesleyan mission from this small island alone sent home £2000 last year; let us hope it goes to convert the heathen there!

King George is an autocrat; when he chooses (once in three or four years) he calls an assembly of his chiefs. He is clever, has a dignified manner, and has "travelled," i.e., been to Sydney. King of all the Friendly Islands, consisting of three groups, he and his subjects are greatly respected by all Polynesia, chiefly, they say, on account of his personal character, and because his subjects were the first to embrace Christianity, which last so-called reason I don't know the meaning of. He has his judges, policemen, and 200 soldiers, one or two of whom are red-shirted, trousered, and, switch in hand, keep guard on occasions of ceremony over the palace. A German palm-oil trader told me that they got fair justice from these judges. All the land is

## THE ISLAND WORLD

owned by the King, but any man can get as much as he wants for so much rent; there is a poll-tax of 7 dollars, and heavy fines for divers public and (what ought to be considered) private offences. He gets an income of something like £1200 a year, and pays his officers. He lives well, drinks champagne, and is acquainted with most luxuries. His three sons are Governors of the three island groups.

"Log Letters from the 'Challenger'"

LORD GEORGE CAMPBELL (1881).



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## AT HOME IN FIJI

LEVUKA, 7th Nov., 1860.—You say in your letter to me that you like best to hear about the beauties of nature which surround us. Well, I will try to describe the fair scene on which we daily feast our eyes; but first you must have a rough sketch of the interior of our house. It consists simply of two rooms, one of which is devoted to the magnetical and other instruments; the other answers as our bed- and sitting-room (a nice white curtain dividing it). The walls are lined with white calico, and the windows have neat white muslin curtains, looped up with scarlet braid. A couple of long shelves contain our books, which between damp and sea air have got a fine old mouldy appearance, and a line of wooden pegs does duty as a wardrobe behind the curtain. The floor is covered with Fijian mats, and for seats we have a variety of cane chairs which we brought with us from Auckland. The house is clean, cool, and airy—no small luxuries after the close cabin of the “Pegasus.”

But now to come to the rare picture beyond our walls. The frame is an open door, opposite to which I have seated myself to write to you. The horizon is the Pacific Ocean, beautifully blue and calm. Resting on it like a faint cloud is the distant island of Ngau; while a little nearer a soft purplish light falls

## THE ISLAND WORLD

on Wakaya, an island some seven miles off. About a mile from the shore beneath us, a varying breadth of different-coloured water marks where the reef lies, the passage through which is clearly distinguished by the deep blue sea interrupting the breakers on either side. As I look up every now and then, a dazzling white line catches my eye. There it goes, running along the outer edge of the reef! Now the breaker has spent itself, but another is coming on.

Between the reef and the shore the water is again of the same beautiful blue colour as the sea beyond, and so clear as it approaches the beach that I can see the stones at the bottom, though our house is some three hundred yards from the water's edge, and about a hundred feet above it. The broken ground between us and the beach is filled with cocoa-nut palms, and an underwood of bananas and other bright green things. The nearest cocoa-nut rises above the level of the horizon, so that its feathery crest plays against the light blue sky, whilst its lower leaves have the deeper blue of the sea for a background. A delicious breeze keeps all in graceful motion. W., seeing me scribbling and looking up every few minutes, asks what I am doing, and when I tell him, says "Don't forget the bread-fruit trees." Now, from where he sits he faces the hill side, where there is a fine grove of bread-fruit trees, but as this is intended for a sketch from nature, I can't put in what I myself don't see. I will attempt this view in water-colours, but I fear I shall never be able to do justice to the reef.

The early morning here is most beautiful and enjoyable, but I cannot say as much for the evenings, for then out come those little worries the mos-

## THE ISLAND WORLD

quitoes, and we lose our pleasant sea-breeze. There is also very little difference of temperature between day and night, so that we often find the latter oppressive; and this is, I think, the worst of the climate.

I intend to make a collection for E. of all the insects we find in our house: these are not a few, between ants, earwigs, spiders, etc. Occasionally a pretty lizard makes its way in. The other day I watched a beautiful little chameleon running up the walls and round the frame of a small looking-glass. Of course I did not think of turning it out. The only thing really to be dreaded is the centipede, a creature so long and thick as your little finger, often much larger. It gives a severe poisonous bite; but happily it is seldom found in a new house. There are always a few poultry about the Mission stations, and they appear to be the natural enemies of these reptiles: a wary old hen may be seen occasionally calling her chickens to dine on a fat centipede.

"Ten Months in the Fiji Islands"

—Mrs. W. J. SMYTHE.



A Native of Papua

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## LAND OF PROMISE

I ARRANGED with the captain of one of the South Sea island traders, who called at Lifu, and was open to charter, and in July, 1871, we started for New Guinea. It would be difficult to describe our feelings as we sailed towards that great land of cannibals, a land which, viewed from a scientific, political, commercial, or religious point of view, possesses an interest peculiarly its own.

Whilst empires have risen, flourished, and decayed; whilst Christianity, science, and philosophy have been transforming nations, and travellers have been crossing polar seas and African deserts, and astonishing the world by their discoveries, New Guinea has remained the same: sitting in the blue, warm, Southern Ocean, kissing the equator at the north and shaking hands with Australia in the south, bearing on her bosom magnificent forests and luxuriant tropical vegetation, yet lifting her snow-capped head into the clear, cold atmosphere 17,000 feet above the level of the sea—steaming hot at the base, where the natives may be seen in the coconut groves mending their bows and poisoning their arrows, making their bamboo knives and spears, and revelling in war and cannibalism as they have been doing for ages, but freezing cold at the summit, where the foot of man has never disturbed the



## THE ISLAND WORLD

eternal snows. It was this terra incognita that we were approaching, with its primeval forests and mineral wealth and savage inhabitants. . . .

It comes with a sense of relief to visit a country really new, about which little is known, a country of bona fide cannibals and genuine savages, where the pioneer missionary and explorer truly carries his life in his hand. A land of gold, yet a land where a string of beads will buy more than a nugget of the precious metal. A land of promise, capable of sustaining millions of people, in which, however, the natives live on yams, bananas, and cocoa-nuts. A land of mighty cedars and giant trees, where notwithstanding the native huts are made of sticks, and roofed with palm leaves. A land consisting of millions of acres of glorious grass, capable of fattening multitudes of cattle where however neither flocks nor herds are known. A land of splendid mountains, magnificent forests, and mighty rivers, but to us a land of heathen darkness, cruelty, cannibalism and death.

"Among the Cannibals"—Rev. S. McFARLANE.

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## THE ROBBER-CRAB

THE PROPER FOOD of the robber crab (*Birgus latro*) is cocoa-nut, to obtain which it climbs the tallest trees with perfect ease, and throws down the ripe fruit. Descending then to the ground it tears off the husk with its powerful claws. The hard shell is removed by inserting one claw into "the monkey's eye," and so breaking it off bit by bit.

In the Ellice Group these crabs are so plentiful as to constitute an important article of diet amongst the natives. The plan for catching them is as follows: a quantity of cocoa-nut is scraped, half-baked in an oven, and then scattered over the ground in little heaps. About an hour after sunset the islanders come with lighted torches, and find the robber-crabs, guided by the savoury odour, greedily devouring the tempting morsels, eight or ten crabs at one little heap. In this way as many as two hundred are caught in a single night. Spending a pleasant day once on an uninhabited island (Nassau Island), I was surprised to see hundreds asleep on the branches of lofty trees. In perfect safety they hung in rows, holding by their sharp-pointed "toes" in the shade of a primeval forest. These robber-crabs could not have subsisted on cocoa-nuts, as there was at that time but a single cocoa-nut tree growing on the island. In all probability they had fed on the oily

## THE ISLAND WORLD

nut of pandanus, which grows in great abundance near the sea. For the benefit of distressed voyagers we planted upwards of thirty young cocoa-nut trees, not without a misgiving that these fierce crabs might destroy them.

The native sailors who accompanied Captain Williams and myself filled several baskets with them, intending to have a feast on board. The cook happening to be a surly fellow, the baskets were unopened. At nightfall, the crabs, disliking their confinement, forced their way out, and crawled all over the ship. Some found their way below, and severely bit the toes of the sleeping sailors; others marched into the captain's cabin, compelling him to attack the intruders. At the expense of an ebony ruler, broken with repeated blows, he succeeded in expelling them. Next morning the men going aloft met with several on their way to the masthead !

The *Birgus latro* hibernates about the beginning of July, and emerges from its seclusion at the end of October. Boring a deep hole in the earth, it excavates a cavity about the size of an unhusked cocoa-nut. When this is completed it carefully closes up the passage by which it entered. Its hiding place is easily detected by the loose soil thrown up.

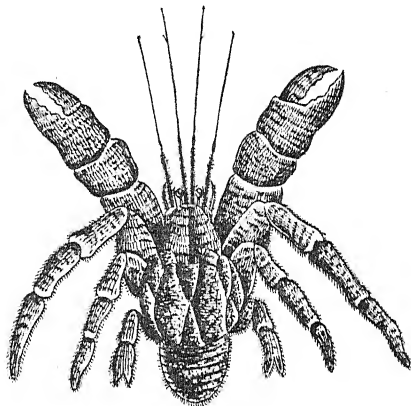
Only a single crab is found in a hole. During the period of hibernation it is in a quiescent state; sometimes it wakes up, and gnaws the roots which cross its subterranean home. This is the period when it gets rid of its old shell, and acquires a new and larger one. At such times it is eagerly sought for by the natives on account of its fatness. November and December are the spawning months, after which they are not worth eating. The robber-crab

## THE ISLAND WORLD

loves to hide in any natural cavity it may find, taking care to provide itself with a supply of food. It invariably sleeps by day. When there is no moon it travels to a great distance—to the sea, or in quest of a new store of food.

I once imprisoned a fine specimen in a strong box. To make sure of my crab I nailed down the cover, and placed a log of wood on the top. During two nights it remained tolerably quiet; but on the third it actually forced up the cover and log, and made its escape. The ingenious crab inserted its great claws into a flaw, and, converting it into a powerful lever, easily effected its purpose. A small vessel engaged in collecting oil sprang a leak; the craft was in consequence hove down and carefully examined. It turned out that some of these crabs had got into the hold, and, becoming thirsty, had rasped a small hole through the ship's bottom.

"Life in the Southern Isles"—Rev. W. WYATT GILL.



Robber Crab.

## OLD TOM OF PAPUA

**M**EDITATION is a necessary intermediary to memory, and carries me one year further on—to the next Christmas, when we were invited to Cyril's plantation, together with all the planters, traders and Government officials, for miles down the coast either way. Among them was Old Tom.

Old Tom was a bit of a mystery. He was educated, and an Englishman—that much was apparent—but what had brought about the slow descent of his fortunes in New Guinea no one seemed to know. All we did know was that he now owned a few hundred cocoa-nut palms, and worked only a handful of boys; and we knew, too, that once every three months a schooner brought him stores in exchange for his copra.

With long white beard streaming in the wind, and blue eyes kindled by the invigorating power of good wine, Old Tom sat and talked about England, and every now and then a boy would replenish his glass, or bring around a tray of cold roast turkey and ham.

The shadows lengthened, and the mosquitoes milled about us, so we all congregated in the house, and awaited our turn for a "wash-wash" (the name given to the big bucket with the perforated bottom which is hoisted and lowered by a rope and pulley) and unpacked the party clothes we had brought.

## THE ISLAND WORLD

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Cyril was sitting on his verandah, watching dark rain clouds gather, when he heard galloping hoof-beats.

"You there, Cyril?" called a voice as a horse was pulled up with a slither of hoofs. It was Jones, the manager of a plantation about 15 miles away from Cyril.

"Cyril! Old Tom's dead! His cook-boy came in to tell me about two o'clock. The poor old fellow walked home, got there at about 11 o'clock, flopped on his bed and died. Reckon we killed him with too much of a good thing," Jones blurted out in his inimical Australian fashion.

Cyril vaulted the verandah rail, and while the two men waited for his horse to be caught and saddled, they talked in hushed tones.

Two hours' hard riding brought them to Tom's small clearing; and there, in the two-roomed shack, lying on his canvas bed, was Old Tom. His boys had left him, fleeing in fright at the recognition of death.

Night fell swiftly. By the light of a hurricane lamp the two men looked at their old friend.

"We'd better send for the Catholic Father. He's the nearest," suggested Jones, fanning away the mosquitoes.

They waited through the night, and at 6 o'clock the storm burst. Being the wet season a storm meant a terrible opening of the skies from which poured great torrents, lashed this way and that by the howling wind. Jones looked at Cyril over his steaming cup of coffee:

"The Father will never get over the river in this," he ventured, and wandered over to the bed.

## THE ISLAND WORLD

"Must've died at, say, eleven yesterday morning. We'll have to bury him at eleven. Can't afford to wait in the heat," he observed.

Eight o'clock—nine—ten o'clock. And still no sign of the priest. The rain eased off a little, and Jones wandered out and found some old packing cases under the house, a hammer and some nails, and soon had made a coffin for Old Tom.

Twelve o'clock, and still no sign of the Father. "I reckon we'll bury him," said Jones.

So he found a spade, and dug a grave just on the rise. The rain still fell in a sticky drizzle. Jones clumped into the house, scraping the mud off his boots on a bunch of grass near the doorway before he entered.

"Come on, Cyril," he cried.

They lifted Tom up, stiff, unshaven, and still in his clothes, and bundled him into the coffin, covering his face. Then they carried him up the rise, and lowered him into the grave.

Old Tom's boys were rounded up to farewell him. They stood with eyes starting out of their heads, and gibbering with horror.

Jones picked up the shovel and started to fill in the grave, which pertinent action seemed to arouse Cyril from his trance-like state.

"Wait Jones," he shouted in his emotion. "Must farewell Old Tom. Know the burial service?"

Jones did not.

"Man who is born of woman —er —er suffereth much —er —er——," stammered Cyril, with his forehead puckered in an agonised effort to remember. "Oh, well, so long, Tom, old chap!" And

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## THE ISLAND WORLD

taking off his hat he glared around fiercely at the boys:

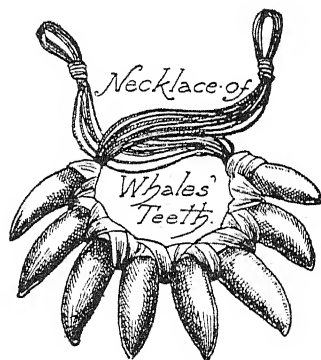
"Who's it 'e savvy sing 'Look 'im light, night 'e dark too much?" he demanded.

"Me savvy, Masta," croaked a voice.

"Then sing! Sing it!" shouted Cyril. And raising his voice he joined the boys and the embarrassed Jones singing "Lead, Kindly Light."

And so was Old Tom buried.

JEAN GERSTAD (in the "Express and Journal").





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## TURTLE HUNTING IN TORRES STRAITS

TURTLE are very quick-sighted, diving to the bottom at the first intimation of danger. In many islands of the South Seas they are caught only by the hook. The two principal ways adopted by the Straits natives are remarkable. As soon as a sleeping turtle is seen they stealthily paddle close to it, when one of their number, with a rope tied under the armpits, leaps upon the back of the unconscious victim. Of course the man goes down to the bottom with the reptile, but immediately twists the fore-flappers over the back, and holds fast by them. The man and the turtle are then hauled up into the canoe.

Another mode of turtling is to call in the aid of the *Echeneis remora*, or sucking fish, which is about three feet in length, and is easily caught by a line. When caught the Straits Islanders pierce the tail, in order to insert a strong cord, which is also wound round it for the sake of security. Several captive sucking-fishes are kept swimming after the canoe until a turtle is seen, when three or four of them are thrown as near the sleeper as possible. These sucking-fishes at once attach themselves to the turtle, which awakes to find itself a prisoner. The cords are now cautiously hauled in, bringing the sucking-fish and the turtle. This ingenious device is used

Barrett, Charles, ed.

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## THE ISLAND WORLD

only with the smaller turtle. Sucking-fishes are sometimes kept two or three days in a lagoon, or in a boat half-filled with sea-water, until turtle are seen.

Occasionally turtle are speared. The hawksbill is usually taken at night when depositing its eggs in the sand. The Straits Islanders and the natives of New Guinea go turtling in the months of October and November on the innumerable islets and sand-banks frequented by the female at this season in order to lay her eggs. The reptile scoops a large hole in the sand and lays a vast number of eggs, amounting sometimes to one hundred and fifty or even two hundred eggs. The turtle having carefully covered them with sand, returns to the sea and troubles herself no more about them. In about three weeks the eggs are hatched by the hot sun. At first the young turtle feed on tender grass or succulent plants. When about two inches in length, by an unerring instinct, they betake themselves to the sea, and are quite able to provide for their own wants. It is said that the larger turtle often devour the smaller ones.

Throughout the Pacific the turtle was a sacred animal, regarded as belonging to the gods, but eaten by the high chiefs and priests as their representatives. In Torres Straits are numerous turtle-giving gods, whose assistance is invoked, and to whom offerings are made. These gods are merely round painted stones. In seasons of great drought the Straits Islanders pour a little of the precious water upon the "rain-giving gods" (stones), whilst incantations are being offered. Live turtle are frequently buried close to the idol, the flappers securely tied to prevent

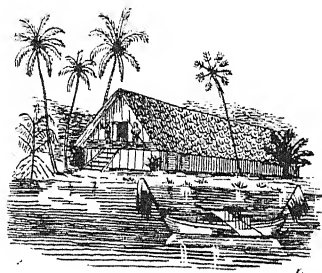
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## THE ISLAND WORLD

escape, and the head only above ground. Our interpreter, Joe, once stole two fine turtle that had been presented to the rain-god. The enraged heathen dared not attack him in the well-protected shelling station. They predicted his speedy death; but when they found that he did not die, they became afraid of him and said that he was possessed of an evil spirit.

"Life in the Southern Isles"—Rev. W. WYATT GILL.



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## MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY

ON THE ARRIVAL of the "Bounty" off Tofoa, one of the Friendly Islands, on the 28th April, 1789, a dreadful mutiny broke out among some of the ship's officers and men with Fletcher Christian, the master's mate, at their head. He was of a respectable family in the north of England, a young man of talent in his profession, twenty-four years of age, and of a quick and daring spirit.

It is difficult, at this distance of time, to judge of the real motives which actuated these men in their evil design. Indeed, at the period of the mutiny, the object which the leaders had in view could only be conjectured. Bligh gave it as his opinion, that they had flattered themselves with the hope of returning to Otaheite, and again leading the agreeable kind of life which they had passed in that lovely and fascinating island; and he was most probably right.

It has been alleged, on the other hand, that the idea of revisiting Otaheite had not formed part of the plan, but that, during the voyage, there had been frequent misunderstandings between the Commander and Fletcher Christian; and that offence had been given to Christian by the former, and some of the men, on the day before the mutiny. Much stress has been laid, by different persons, on each

of these circumstances, as if one or the other had been the cause of the outrage. . . .

On the evening before the mutiny, Bligh had invited Christian to supper in his cabin; an invitation which was declined, Christian saying that he was unwell; but he had engaged to dine with Bligh on the following day.

The night of the 27th of April, 1789, was remarked for its beauty, even in the tropical regions, all nature being calm and lovely around; but it was the eve of a day of consternation and terror. On that night Christian had the watch for two hours. He had also the next morning's watch, which was from 4 to 8. Full of desperate intentions, he began to sound Matthew Quintal, and some others, and soon gained over the greater part of the men. Having rapidly arranged their plans, they got at the arms, under pretence of requiring a gun to shoot a shark, which was astern of the ship.

At the dawn of day, they roughly awoke Bligh, who, starting up in amazement, on seeing men about him armed with cutlasses and pistols, called out loudly for assistance. On his demanding what they meant, "Hold your tongue, sir, or you are dead this instant!" was the answer he received. Some of the mutineers, among whom Christian, Churchill, Mills, and Burkitt, were the most active, using oaths and violence, tied his hands with cords behind his back, not giving him time to dress; and forcing him on the deck in his shirt, kept him under a guard behind the main-mast. They had secured the officers who were not of their party, by placing sentinels at their doors. "I continued my endeavours," said Bligh, "to turn the tide of affairs, when Christian changed

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the cutlass he had in his hand for a bayonet which was brought to him; and, holding me with a strong grip by the cord that tied my hands, he, with many oaths, threatened to kill me if I would not be quiet."

The boatswain and others, having been compelled to hoist out the launch, Bligh and eighteen men were forced to go into her, and were quickly veered astern of the ship by a rope. . . .

The eighteen men, and their captain, thus cast adrift on the wide ocean, soon found themselves in a miserable condition. They began with touching at Tofoa, an island about thirty miles from the scene of the mutiny. There they landed, endeavouring to obtain bread-fruit and water. In doing this, they seem to have forgotten their own defenceless state. After some deceitful show of friendship, the natives who lined the beach gave signs of violence, by knocking stones together which they had in their hands. Maccaackavow, one of their chiefs, having in vain requested Bligh to remain that night, the 1st of May, 1789, the treacherous old man got up, and said, "Then, mattie," which signifies, "We will kill you!" and left him.

Scarcely had the hapless voyagers reached their boat, when the stir which had been commenced by the chief came to its height. About two hundred natives attacked them with stones, which flew like a shower of shot, and all would probably have been cut off by these cowardly savages, had not one of the crew, John Norton, quarter-master, run up the beach, for the purpose of releasing the boat. This brave man fell a sacrifice, in preserving the lives of his companions. In doing this, he was surrounded

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by the natives, who barbarously murdered him, and afterwards beat him about the head with stones.

After the murder of Norton, on the 1st of May, many of the natives, in canoes, followed Bligh's boat very quickly, and renewed the assault with stones, of which they had brought a great quantity; but, being attracted by some clothes which were, by his order, thrown to them, and which they stopped to pick up, they lost time and abandoned the pursuit.

It was then resolved by the party, at Bligh's instance, to make for a Dutch settlement on the island of Timor, in the East Indies, a distance of no less than 3,618 miles. Their stock of provisions then consisted of about 150 pounds of bread, 28 gallons of water, 20 pounds of pork, three bottles of wine, and a small quantity of rum; a few cocoa-nuts were also in the boat. Such bread-fruit as they had was of no use, having been trampled to pieces in the bustle and confusion of the attack at Tofoa.

The sufferings undergone by these eighteen men, in a boat only twenty-seven feet in length, and six feet nine inches in breadth, heavily laden, and without any awning, were very severe. They had to encounter heavy storms, and the pains of cold and hunger. Aware of the vast tract of voyage before them, they promised to be content with one ounce of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water a day, for each person.

The courageous and skilful manner in which Bligh pursued his course to the end, forms a striking fact in the annals of naval adventure. Having entreated the men, in the most solemn manner, not to depart from the promise they had made, he, on the 2nd of May, bore away, and shaped his course for New

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Holland, across a sea little explored. The boat was of such limited dimensions, that her gunwales are stated to have been not more than six inches above the water. In a violent tempest, which soon broke over them, the boat shipped such a quantity of water that it was only by great exertions that she could be kept afloat. . . .

At three o'clock in the morning of the 12th of June, to their inexpressible joy, they discovered the island of Timor. Here Bligh breaks out in language which will find an echo in the heart of every reader, who has accompanied him thus far in all his troubles and privations :

"It is not possible for me to describe the pleasure which the blessing of the sight of this land diffused among us. It appeared scarce credible to ourselves, that in an open boat, and so poorly provided, we should have been able to reach the coast of Timor in forty-one days after leaving Tofoa; having at that time run, by our log, a distance of 3,618 miles; and that, notwithstanding our extreme distress, no one should have perished in the voyage."

"Pitcairn"—T. B. MURRAY.

### LETTER FROM PITCAIRN ISLAND

This letter was addressed to the Rev. Wm. Armstrong, of H.M.S. "Basilisk," which called at the island, in July, 1844:—

Pitcairn's Island, April 6th, 1848.

Dear Friend,—Long have I heard of you, though not acquainted with you, but have often heard of your friendship towards us Pitcairn islanders. Now,



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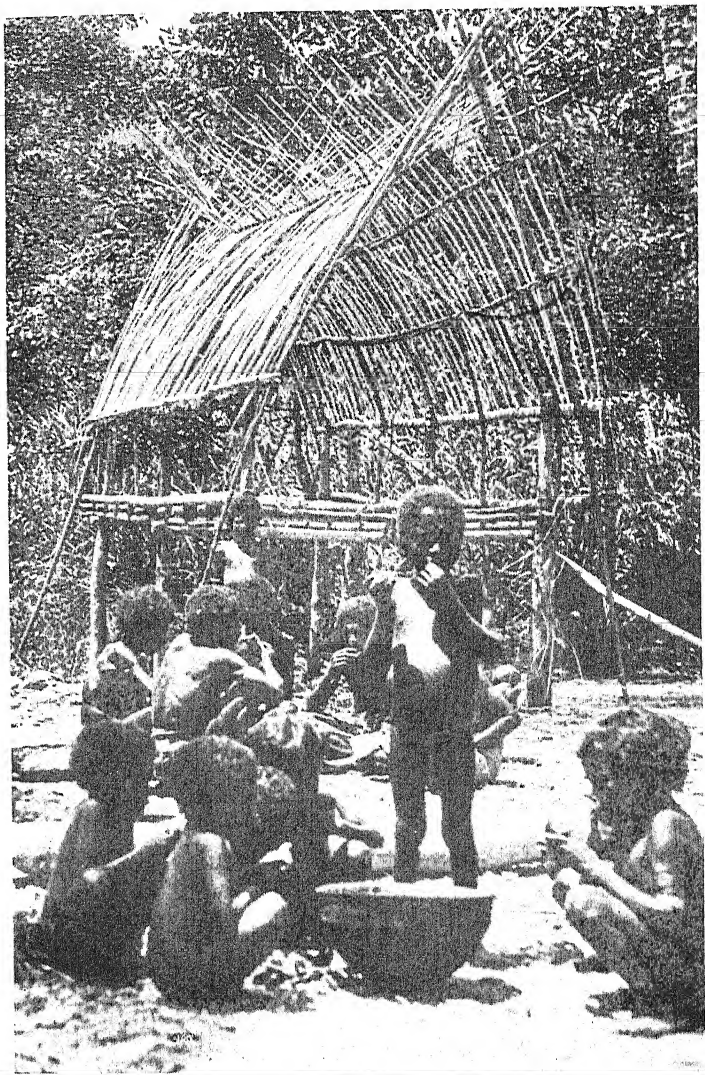
I have taken this opportunity to write these few lines to you, informing you of the state of things in our little island. We are all getting on very well. I hope that you and the rest of our friends are getting on well, as we are. I return you thanks for your kind letter, which I have received from H.M.S. Calypso; also the present which is sent by you and the rest of the kind gentlemen at Valparaiso. We have received from you all such things as are very valuable to us—spades, saws, pots, and other articles. We have received them all with the greatest pleasure, and I return you all a thousand thanks for them. The presents are divided equally amongst us all, from the oldest woman to the youngest child.

Kind friend, this is the first opportunity I have had to write to you. I will thank you very much if you will take this fund of money which you will see in this paper, and buy me a few fish-hooks of the size you see in the paper; and also for my family's use six copies of Watt's hymn-book, and one Family Bible. Friend, I bid you farewell. Perhaps it may not be our chance to meet in this world, but I hope we may in a better world, where saints and angels meet; and if it be our good luck to meet there, we shall meet to part no more. I am obliged to close my letter in haste.

I remain, your sincere friend and well-wisher,

GEORGE ADAMS,

Chief Magistrate of Pitcairn's Island.



*Rec. A. W. Guy*

Tucker Time : A Papuan Picture  
(House in Course of Construction)

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## PRINCE LEE BOO

*Lee Boo, son of a Pelew Islands "king," was taken to England on board a ship built by the crew of a wrecked English vessel on one of the islands. He was feted and admitted into "Society," becoming a general favourite and receiving much publicity. Unhappily he died after a brief sojourn in a country whose climate was so different from that of his native tropic isle. The following extracts are from a very rare little book, "The History of Lee Boo," published in London in 1822. It went into many editions.—C.B.*

So unremitting had the English worked on the vessel which was to be the means of their deliverance, that by the 9th of November it was ready for launching, and this being happily accomplished, they began to put on board everything which they judged would be necessary to them in their voyage. By Abba Thulle's desire she was called the Oroolong.

Throughout the whole progress of building the vessel, the king had, in his visits to the English, been very attentive to their manner of working; he would stand by for a considerable time together, and let not the most trivial circumstance escape his observation. He was now come to Oroolong, with some of his chiefs, to be present at their departure. In the evening of the day after the vessel was launched,

## THE ISLAND WORLD

he entered very seriously into conversation with Captain Wilson; he said, that, notwithstanding he was looked up to by his subjects with respect, and regarded as their superior as well in knowledge as in rank, yet, after mixing with the English, and being witness of their ingenuity, he was often conscious of his own insignificance, in beholding the meanest of them exercise talents to which he had ever been a stranger; and that therefore, after due consideration, he had come to the resolution of committing his second son, whose name was Lee Boo, to the Captain's care, in order that he might enjoy the advantage of acquiring improvement himself by accompanying the English, and also of learning many things, which, on his return, might prove of essential benefit to his country. He then spoke of his son as a youth of gentle and amiable disposition, sensible, and possessing many good qualities. He said, he had recalled him from a distant place, where he had been under the care of an old man; that he was at that time taking leave of his friends at Pelew, and would come to Oroolong the next day. He added that one of the Malays from Pelaw should accompany him as a servant. Raa Kook and Arra Kooker joined in commendation of their nephew.

To this address of the king's Captain Wilson answered that he was exceedingly honoured and obliged by the singular mark of confidence and esteem he had mentioned; that he should have considered himself bound in gratitude to take care of any person belonging to Pelew whom he might think proper to send; but, in the case proposed, he wished solemnly to assure him, that he should endeavour to merit the high trust reposed in him, by treating the

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young prince with the same affection and tenderness as his own son. It was evident that this answer gave the king great satisfaction.

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*In Society.* On being introduced to the ladies of the family, Lee Boo's deportment was so easy and polite, as to be exceeded only by his abundant good nature; he was not in the least embarrassed; he allowed the company to examine his hands, which were tatooed, and appeared pleased with the notice he excited.

The idea conceived by those who were witnesses of Lee Boo's first introduction to fashionable life was that how great soever might be the surprise which the scenes of a new world might occasion in him, it would be scarcely exceeded by that which his own amiable manners and native polish would create in others.

After this visit Mr. M'Intyre conducted Captain Wilson and his companions to his own house, where they were ushered into a large hall, lighted up, with a table in the middle covered for supper, and a side-board very handsomely decorated. A new scene now burst at once on Lee Boo's mind: he was all eye, all admiration; the vessels of glass were in a manner enchantment itself. Mr. M'Intyre pointed out to him whatever he thought likely to amuse him; but every thing around him was attracting; his eye, and his mind were alike bewildered—in truth, all was to him a fairy tale, a scene of magic. At the upper end of the hall was a large mirror, which reflected almost his whole person. Here Lee Boo stood in perfect amazement at seeing himself—he laughed

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Papua : Scene in Boianai Village

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—he drew back—he returned to look again, quite absorbed in wonder. He tried to look behind, as if conceiving somebody to be there, but found the glass fixed close to the wall. Upon this Mr. M'Intyre ordered a small glass to be brought, wherein having viewed his face, Lee Boo looked behind to discover the person who looked at him, totally unable to account for so strange an effect. . . .

*In London.* When, at the hour of rest, Lee Boo was conducted to his chamber, he saw, for the first time, a four-post bed. Scarcely could he conceive what it meant—he jumped in and jumped out again—felt and pulled aside the curtains—got into bed, and then got out a second time, to admire its outward form. At length, when he was fully acquainted with its use and convenience, he laid himself down to sleep saying, that “in England there was a house for everything.” . . .

After being somewhat habituated to the manners of this country, he went every day to an academy at Rotherhithe for the purpose of being instructed in reading and writing. His application was equal to his intense desire of learning; and he conducted himself there with such propriety, and in a manner so engaging, that he gained, not only the esteem of the gentleman under whose tuition he was placed, but also the affection of his young companions—which should ever be a main object with youth at school. When, in the hours of recess, he returned to his home, he diverted all his family by his vivacity, noticing every singularity he had observed in any of his schoolfellows, and with great good humour imitating and taking them off; sometimes he added,



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that he would have a school of his own when he returned to Pelew. . . .

Lee Boo derived particular pleasure from going to church, where, though he did not understand the words of the service, yet perfectly comprehended the intent of it; he always behaved with the greatest attention and reverence. Once, when Captain Wilson told him that saying prayers at church was to make men good, that, when they died and were buried, they might live again above, pointing to the sky, Lee Boo answered with much earnestness: "All same Pelew—bad men stay in earth—good men go into sky—become very beautiful," holding his hand in the air, and giving a fluttering motion to his fingers thereby seeming to indicate his own countrymen's belief of the existence of the spirit after the death of the body.

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## TAHITIAN WATER-NYMPH

**B**UT I WANTED a bath before anything else, and having had enough of salt water for a while, I willingly followed my little tailor, who promised to take me to the finest possible bathing place, about a mile distant, in a fresh water stream.

We had a most beautiful walk through the little garden-like town, down a long road between orchards, bread-fruit trees planted in rows with bananas between them, and orange, citron, and guaiava thickets, through which we took at last a narrow path, and reached a small but beautiful basin of the mountain stream, where it made a short bend, sweeping away under a steep bank, upon which the stump of an old we or mango tree stood, while guaiavas and citron trees threw their shade over the clear and swift current of the little stream.

There were about ten or twelve young Frenchmen—soldiers most of them—also bathing there; and we had not been more than five minutes in the water when one of the native beauties, a young girl of about seventeen or eighteen years old, stepped suddenly out of the thick bushes, and squatted down right close to our bathing-place. She was dressed in one of the common long calico frocks or wrappers, with a wreath of white flowers upon her jet-black and well-greased locks.

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"Hallo, Wahine!" the young Frenchman cried, "Come in with us. The water is cool, and there is room enough."

The girl said nothing, but looked at us with a half-smiling, half-saucy look; she seemed half inclined to accept the invitation, and yet she did not move; but the young Frenchman kept teasing her, and begged her "not to be afraid."

The bathing-place itself consisted of a small basin, some twenty yards long, and ten yards wide, formed by a broad stone dam, thrown up right across the stream. The deepest place in it was not more than eight or nine feet, and that only on a very small spot, where a kind of hole had formed in the bottom. Upon the other side I have already mentioned that an old shattered trunk of a tree stood about seven feet above the ground, and perhaps fourteen above the surface of the water, beneath whose roots the current washed and fretted, and had hollowed out a couple of feet of the bank. The girl was still squatting on the ground opposite this tree, and her eyes sparkled and shone; but suddenly, when one of the young and rather impatient fellows swam towards her, she jumped up, and disappeared the next instant in the thicket.

"Miri, miri," a clear voice cried at that instant right above us; and looking up, we saw upon the hardly six inches wide top of the old trunk the wild young creature, her frock thrown off, only a piece of calico round her hips, and with waving locks; and nearly at the same moment, raising her arms, and caring, as it seemed, not a straw for all who were below her, she jumped with a shout right down between—aye, upon us—giving us hardly time to

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dodge away from under her. Two seconds afterwards she was on shore again, climbing like a cat up the tree, the clear water pouring down from her as she stood upright and threw back her dark and wet tresses from her brow.

It was a charming picture, and I could not take my eyes off the youthful and slender form of this brown girl, so wild and yet so beautiful.

"Journey Round the World"—E. GERSTAECKER.



## MAORI FAIRY TALES

THE WAIKATOS are a fine set of people, tall and well made. They are remarkable, too, for the delicacy of their pronunciation. One thought of the Italian saying, "*Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*," when listening to their talk. Many of the men and women have hair dark brown rather than black, with a tinge of red at the tip; and some of the young people have fair skins, with colour in their cheeks. In old days these fair children were supposed to be changelings. There was a strong popular belief in fairies. They were tall and pale, and sometimes a Maori fell in love with one, and wooed and won her.

A man told me once that his grandmother was a fairy. Sometimes Maori children were carried off to fairyland and a changeling left in their place. There are some fanciful legends about the good people. A Waikato man told us one, and assured us it was true, and that his friend, to whom the fairies appeared, had only died a few years before we came into the country :

Te Ka-na-wa had gone out one night to snare kiwis, wingless birds, that sleep by day and come out by night into the swamps in search of worms. After a while, he grew tired and crept into a hollow tree and lay down to sleep. He lit a fire outside. He was awakened by the voices of men, women, and chil-

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dren, as of a great host. He was very frightened, for he knew they must be fairies. They came very near, and some got on the roots of the tree to peep at him. When the fire flashed brightly they moved away. When it smouldered they ventured near again and sang a song. After a time Te Ka-na-wa took off his neck ornament and his ear ring (made of the green-stone) and spread them out at the foot of the tree. He thought to himself, "the fairies are afraid of me, therefore they do not spring upon me. They only come to look at me, and I will give them these ornaments to examine." As soon as their song was ended, the fairies drew near again, and they handed them about from one to another, and when all had handled them the whole party had disappeared, for the day was dawning. He found his ornaments all safe. They had only taken the shadow, or spirit, of them back to fairyland. Their hearts were quite satisfied with this, and they had seen the kindness of his thoughts towards them. So he went home, and told his story; he only remembered one verse of the fairy song, and it is sung in Waikato to this day!

The man who told us this story added: "Fairies are like to grasshoppers for multitude. Their appearance is like that of the English; for they are fair of skin, they have reddish brown hair, and their skin is freckled. They are not in any way like to Maoris."

Our old friend, the great chief of Waikato, Te Whero-where, said once to a friend of ours that the fairies wore beautiful dresses, the texture of which was quite unknown to the Maoris, and that they delighted in music. At the East Cape the natives show a hill which they love to haunt. If the wood

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which covers it is set on fire the fairies rush out to save their favorite trees and flowers, and with songs put the fire out. No one has seen them, but many have heard them sing !

Another story is that long ago there lived a man named Red Cloak (Kahakura) in the north of the island, and he had a great desire to go to a place named R-ngi-Ao-whi-a. So he went and came to the sea-beach, and there he saw on the sand the remains of some fish, and he thought to himself that Maoris must have been cleaning fish there. But when he had carefully examined the footsteps on the sand, and knew by the time of tide that whoever had been there must have been there in the night, he said to himself, "This is not man's work." And he knew Kahakura went back home, but he could not forget what he had seen, and he pondered it in his heart, and at night time he went to the same place, and lo ! there were the fairies casting their net into the sea, and they were shouting and singing, "Let the net down here; draw it up there." They were singing for the joy at the draught of fishes they had taken, and were dragging the net to shore.

Then Red Cloak went and joined them. The reason the fairies did not find out that he was a mortal was that he was fair of skin like to their race. And when the dawn was at hand the fairies took the fish out of the net and had begun to thread them on a string, and they worked very rapidly, making a firm knot at one end. Kaha-ku-ra worked too, but he made a slip-not instead, and whenever his string was complete he lifted it up, and down came the fish to the ground. When the fairies saw this, one of them came to help him and made a fast knot to the string, and

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went back to his own work. But he untied the knots, and so it went on again and again. The day dawned, and they saw that he was a mortal, and they fled away in great terror, leaving their fish and their net and canoe behind them, and departed to their own place. Now, the canoe was made of flax, and the net was made of rushes. And Red Cloak took the net home with him for a pattern, learned how to make one, and he taught his children. And so the ancestors of the Maori people learned how to make nets.

"Our Maoris"—LADY MARTIN.



Polynesian Weapons



## THE BEACHCOMBERS

ONE AFTERNOON we bore up to a small island, well wooded, with a long narrow sandspit joining it to another patch of land—a reef all around. This was "Matcheck," or York Island, and was the site of a beche-de-mer station "run" by one "Yankee Ned." A collection of houses was visible on the beach. The anchor was dropped, the boat got out, and we started for the shore, the new chums rowing. Our costume was a light and easy one of pyjamas and slippers. The doctor, however, sported shooting boots and a cartridge belt, and carried his breech-loader.

We stuck on a reef at a distance from the shore. Some women ran away at our approach. They had all decent cotton dresses. There was an iron shed for drying the trepang, several grass dwellings, a good boathouse, fowls in plenty, a number of large turtle shells, and a monkey on a pole, who retreated to his den and swore at us. This was evidently a flourishing place, but as Captain Dubbins said, any one who doesn't mind roughing it can make a living in the Straits and islands in the Gulf. The waters supply food in fish, turtle, and dugong; pigeons are plentiful in some seasons. A very little exertion in watching a few natives cure beche-de-mer will pro-

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vide flour, tobacco, and whisky for yourself, and "trade" to pay them with. And so the beachcomber lives, forgetting all the world, except the boat which brings his supply of grog.

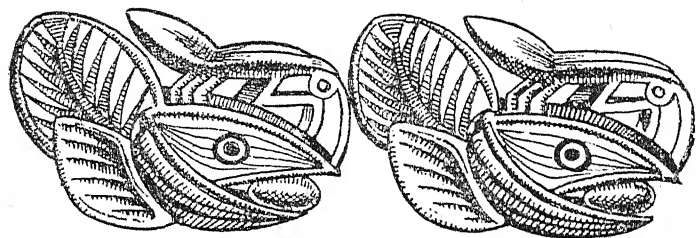
There were two or three blacks sitting around here, but where was "Yankee Ned," the presiding genius of the place? A white man emerged from the largest grass house; this was not Yankee Ned, but his *locum tenens*. Ned had gone to Thursday Island with dried fish. This man was the type of a beachcomber, one given up for years to the curse of drink. He was shaky and tremulous. He did not advance to meet our party, or manifest any curiosity or interest as to who we were. Clad only in a shirt and pants, and with dirty bare feet, he stood at the door, and with bleary eyes nodded stupidly in response to our greetings. "There ain't anything to drink here," said he at last. Then I produced a recent copy of "The Australasian," and handed it to him. He took it, and looked at it vacuously. Then I showed the bottle of grog we had brought to propitiate the guardian of this isle. A flash of intelligence and a fond look at the whisky. "Come in," said the beachcomber. He produced a mug, and we drank solemnly. He said nothing more, but stared at us with a side glance of affection at the bottle. He evidently wished us gone; he was fearful we should take a second drink and consume all the spirit so dear to him.

The surroundings showed that Yankee Ned was of a much superior type to this man. The grass house was built like those in Eastern Polynesia. It was clean and well ventilated. Sandalwood chests, native spears, and masks were the principal articles

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of furniture. We would have traded for the latter, but the beachcomber said, "They ain't mine." He looked at the bottle of grog at the same time, and I think, if we had had more, would have sold everything belonging to Ned in the place. We asked if we could get some cocoa-nuts, and with a sigh of relief the beachcomber informed us we should find some on the other side of the island. This would get rid of us, and he would be alone with the whisky.

"Cannibals and Convicts"—JULIAN THOMAS.



## *MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN NEW GUINEA*

WHATVER may be the case in Eastern New Guinea, the woman is little more than the slave of the man among the Nufoor Papuans. She has to make his sage and cook his food, to draw the water, make pottery and fibre baskets, and often to submit to ill-usage; and the position of a wife is hardly bettered by the fact of her being under the authority of her husband's mother and sisters. Polygamy is common, but it is not usual for a man to have more than three or four wives. Should a woman prove childless, she is sent away, and the husband marries again. Children are betrothed when very young, and when the contract is closed the parents of the future bridegroom pay those of the bride a part of the bargain agreed upon, for, as in many savage tribes, woman has a certain market value.

A very curious custom exists resembling one of the forms of "Hlonipa" among the Zulus, whereby the bride and her near relations must avoid the sight of the bridegroom and his people until the marriage. The betrothal is not binding, and if the man does not approve of his parents' choice he need not fulfil the contract. At a wedding at which Mr. Van Hasselt was present, the bridegroom went to the bride's house, preceded by a crowd of women, each of whom bore a small present in her hand. Arriving at the

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room set apart for the ceremony, the young couple were placed back to back, the bystanders meanwhile taking up their position round them—the men on one side and the women on the other. The ceremony is usually performed by the oldest relation, and in this instance an old man undertook the office. Joining their right hands he took a mouthful of water and spurted it over them, with the words, "May no enemy kill you, and no evil spirit affect you with sickness." Sago was then brought in and given first to the newly-married couple and then to the guests.

Even after the ceremony various customs have to be strictly observed. The bride and bridegroom must sit up all night. If sleep threatens them they are immediately aroused, for the belief of the people is that in remaining awake they will have a long and happy life. This continues for four nights. By day they are permitted to sleep, but the husband must return to his own house. Not until the fifth day may they meet each other alone, but even then only by night, and for four days more the husband must leave his wife's chamber before daybreak.

At the marriage of widows there is little or no ceremony. The bride walks into the jungle with her husband, attended by a widow or a married woman, whose duty it is to break off twigs and pelt the bride with them—an operation which is supposed to drive away the ghost of the late husband. The widow must leave off wearing her old "tjidako," or sarong, and hand it over to another widow, and with the giving of some small present to the attendant who has successfully laid the ghost the whole affair is ended. . . .

On the death of her husband the wife is confined to her house for some time, for if the ghost of the

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Papuan Village Belle  
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deceased individual were to see her going about, he would immediately strike down people with sickness. Her hair must be cut close as a sign of mourning, and her "tjidako" must be of the plainest description. Should any brother of her late husband be alive, he is obliged to marry her; if not, she returns to her own family. The women are kept much secluded from strangers, and though the "Marchesa" was crowded with natives both at Dorei and in Jobi Island, none ever came on board. In their own houses they were rather less shy, but it was only among the Arfak people we met at Andai that they seemed to be on anything like an equal footing with the men. With the Nufooreans they are little better than slaves. Adultery is punishable by death, but the Papuan has a great eye to the main chance, and as a rule prefers to exact a fine, a portion of which has to be distributed among the heads of the different families in his village.

There are apparently no chiefs or kings among the natives of this part of New Guinea. Each village forms a small republic, which among a primitive people seems to be the most successful form of government. The old men and the heads of every family meet to discuss public matters, and adjudge the punishment of any delinquent. This almost always takes the shape of a fine. Murder, adultery, assault, theft, and so on are punished in this way, but their list of offences against the law is more extended than ours. The Papuans have a saying that "What the eye see not and the ear hears not, that must no man say," and hence every one who speaks ill of or slanders his neighbour is liable to a fine. Fortunately there is not much chance of our forming our code

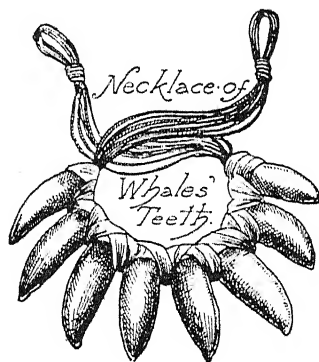
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upon the Papuan model, or the effect of such a law upon the pleasant social intercourse which enlivens our five o'clock teatables would be too terrible to contemplate.

In cases of dispute as to guilt, trial by ordeal is sometimes used among the Nufooreans. The suspected person has to dip his hand into boiling water, and, should not blisters result, is held to be innocent. If suspicion fall equally upon two people, they are taken each to a pile of one of the sea-built houses, and made to duck simultaneously beneath the water. whoever comes up first is the guilty person. It is not only in civilized communities that the thick-skinned and long-winded flourish as the green bay-tree !

"Cruise of the Marchesa"—F. H. H. GUILLEMARD.





## *A BLACKBIRDING TRAGEDY*

ON the 5th February we were slipping through a sea like glass, blue as the sky that hung over, and watching the great lazy water-snakes at play on the surface, all of us languid from the intense heat, when the masthead-man reported, "Sail right ahead!" and waked us up in a moment—it was such an event to see a sail. We almost hoped it might not belong to a kidnapper, for the law was not then in a state to protect captors; but she looked very like one—a small fore-and-aft schooner—as she rose to our glasses. There was something puzzling about the slovenly set of her sails, and she had a heavy water-logged look as she swayed slowly with the long smooth undulations of the sea. We hoisted the ensign to see what she would say to us, but there was no response, so we steered to pass her close. There were signs of strange neglect in the weather-beaten sails and slackened ropes as we neared her, and not a soul was moving on board; but just as we were thinking her abandoned, two or three wild-looking creatures, Solomon Islanders, rose up in the stern, and then we saw that others lay on the deck as if asleep.

Lieutenant Hayter, and Mr. Bently, the gunner, went with two boats to board, and these men pointed muskets at them over the side; but what men! they

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were living skeletons, creatures dazed with fear and mortal weakness. As our crews boarded, other half-dead wretches tottered to their feet, fumbling too at rusty, lockless muskets, and our men disarmed them gently. They were dreadful to look at—beings in the last stage of famine, wasted to the bone; some were barely alive, and the sleeping figures were dead bodies fast losing the shape of humanity, on a deck foul with blood. We tried to show that we would not hurt them, we gave them water, and it was awful to see their eagerness to drink. Our men vied with each other in their rough cares, but the help came too late for one—one dark Melanesian soul passed away from the blood-stained deck, to find the mercy from God which man had denied. There was no water on board, no food, no boat by which they might have saved themselves. The hold was full of the sea; and the ransacked cabin, the blood, the planking splintered and scored by axe-strokes, told of a tragedy. Having given our first succour to the living under Dr. Goodman's direction, we turned to pump out the hold, and to bury the dead. . . .

The story of the "Peri" proved to be this:—A noted kidnapping vessel, the "Nukolow," had brought a cargo of some 180 kidnapped natives to Rewa River, Fiji, some two months previous to our falling in with the "Peri." At Rewa they were disposed of, by being hired out to planters at the rate of ten to fifteen pounds a head, paid to the owners of the "Nukulow," and about eighty of them were transferred to the "Peri" for conveyance to various islands of the Fiji group, in charge of three white men, and a Fijian crew. On getting to sea insufficient food was served to the natives, who were

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quite unsecured, and they clamoured for more, on which some rice was issued; but one of the white men, angered by the clamour for food, was heartless enough to throw the rice overboard as the natives were cooking it, and the maddened creatures rose at once and threw him over after the rice. The other two whites and the Fijians followed; and the savages, thus left to themselves, and wholly unable to manage the ship, drifted helpless and starving before the south-east trade wind for about five weeks, accomplishing a distance of nearly 1800 miles through a sea infested with coral reefs and full of islands, finally passing either over a submerged part of the Barrier Reef, or through one of its narrow openings, to the place where the "Basilisk" found them.

Thirteen only were then alive of the eighty natives who had sailed from Rewa. We took these survivors to Cardwell, thirty miles distant, which was then, excepting Cape York, the more northerly point of civilisation in Queensland, and there, under the humane care of Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, the police magistrate, they recovered strength in time, and were afterwards taken by us to Sydney, whence they were carried by one of H.M. ships to their various islands in the Solomon group.

"Discoveries in New Guinea" (1876)  
Capt. J. H. MORESBY.

## AWA, A POLYNESIAN DRINK

ALL THE WORLD OVER, however far behind aborigines are in the useful arts, they exercise a singular ingenuity in devising means for intoxicating and stupefying themselves. On these islands distillation is illegal, and a foreigner is liable to conviction and punishment for giving spirits to a native Hawaiian, yet the natives contrive to distil very intoxicating drinks, specially from the root of the ti-tree, and as the spirit is unrectified it is both fiery and unwholesome. Licences to sell spirits are confined to the capital. In spite of the notoriously bad effect of alcohol in the tropics, people drink hard, and the number of deaths which can be distinctly traced to spirit drinking is startling. . . .

I was led to this digression by seeing, for the first time, some very fine plants of the *Piper methysticum*. This is "awa," truly a "plant of renown" throughout Polynesia. Strange tales are told of it. It is said to produce profound sleep, with visions more enchanting than those of opium or hasheesh, and that its repetition, instead of being deleterious, is harmless and even wholesome. Its sale is prohibited, except on the production of evidence that it has been prescribed as a drug. Nevertheless no law on the islands is so grossly violated. It is easy to "give" it, and easy to grow it, or dig it up in the woods, so

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that in spite of the legal restrictions, it is used to an enormous extent. . . .

While passing the Navigator group, one of my fellow-passengers, who had been for some time in Tutuila, described the preparation of "awa" poetically, the root "being masticated by the pearly teeth of flower-clad maidens"; but I was an accidental witness of a nocturnal "awa drinking" on Hawaii, and saw nothing but very plain prose. I feel as if I must approach the subject mysteriously. I had no time to tell you of the circumstances when it occurred, when also I was completely ignorant that it was an illegal affair; and now with a sort of "guilty knowledge" I tremble to relate what I saw, and to divulge that though I could not touch the beverage, I tasted the root, which has an acrid, pungent taste, something like horse-radish, with an aromatic flavour in addition, and I can imagine that the acquired taste for it must, like other acquired tastes, be perfectly irresistible, even without the additional gratification of the results which follow its exercise.

In the particular instance which I saw, two girls who were not beautiful, and an old man who would have been hideous but for a set of round regular teeth, were sitting on the ground masticating the "awa" root, the process being contemplated with extreme interest by a number of adults. When, by careful chewing, they had reduced the root to a pulpy consistence, they tossed it into a large calabash, and relieved their mouths of superfluous saliva before preparing a fresh mouthful. This went on till a considerable quantity was provided, and then water was added, and the mass was kneaded and stirred with the hands till it looked like soap

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suds. It was then strained; and after more water had been added it was poured into cocoa-nut calabashes, and handed round. Its appearance eventually was like weak, frothy coffee and milk. The appearance of purely animal gratification on the faces of those who drank it, instead of being poetic, was of the low, gross earth. Heads thrown back, lips parted with a feeble, sensual smile, eyes hazy and unfocussed, arms folded on the breast, and the mental faculties numbed and sliding out of reach.

Those who drink it pass through the stage of idiocy into a deep sleep, which it is said can be reproduced once without an extra dose, by bathing in cold water. Confirmed "awa" drinkers might be mistaken for lepers, for they are covered with whitish scales, and have inflamed eyes and a leathery skin, for the epidermis is thickened and whitened, and eventually peels off. The habit has been adopted by not a few whites, especially on Hawaii, though, of course, to a certain extent clandestinely. "Awa" is taken also as a medicine, and was supposed to be a certain cure for corpulence.

The root and base of the stem are the parts used, and it is best when these are fresh. It seems to exercise a powerful fascination, and to be loved and glorified as whisky is in Scotland and wine in southern Europe. In some of the other islands of Polynesia, on festive occasions, when the chewed root is placed in the calabash, and the water is poured on, the whole assemblage sings appropriate songs in its praise; and this is kept up until the decoction has been strained to its dregs.

"Six Months in the Sandwich Islands"

—ISABELLA BIRD.

## A MARQUESAN BELLE

**A**MONG the permanent inmates of the house were likewise several lovely damsels, who, instead of thrumming pianos and reading novels, like more enlightened young ladies, substituted for these employments the manufacture of a fine species of tappa, but for the great portion of the time were skipping from house to house, gadding and gossiping with their acquaintances.

From the rest of these, however, I must except the beauteous nymph Fayaway, who was my peculiar favourite. Her free pliant figure was the very perfection of female grace and beauty. Her complexion was a rich and mantling olive, and when watching the glow upon her cheeks I could almost swear that beneath the transparent medium there lurked the blushes of a faint vermilion. The face of this girl was a rounded oval, and each feature as perfectly formed as the heart or imagination of man could desire. Her full lips, when parted with a smile, disclosed teeth of a dazzling whiteness; and when her rosy mouth opened with a burst of merriment, they looked like the milk-white seeds of the "arta," a fruit of the valley, which, when cleft in twain, shows them reposing in rows on either side, imbedded in the rich and juicy pulp. Her hair



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of the deepest brown, parted irregularly in the middle, flowed in natural ringlets over her shoulders, and whenever she chanced to stoop, fell over and hid from view her lovely bosom. Gazing into the depths of her strange blue eyes, when she was in a contemplative mood, they seemed most placid yet unfathomable; but when illuminated by some lively emotion, they beamed upon the beholder like stars. The hands of Fayaway were as soft and delicate as those of any countess; for an entire exemption from rude labour marks the girlhood and even prime of a Typee woman's life. Her feet, though wholly exposed, were as diminutive and fairly shaped as those which peep from beneath the skirts of a Lima lady's dress. The skin of this young creature, from continual ablution and the use of mollifying ointments, was inconceivably smooth and soft. . . .

Were I asked if the beauteous form of Fayaway was altogether free from the hideous blemish of tattooing, I should be constrained to answer that it was not. But the practitioners of the barbarous art, so remorseless in their inflictions upon the brawny limbs of the warriors of the tribe, seem to be conscious that it needs not the resources of their profession to augment the charms of the maidens of the vale.

The females are very little embellished in this way, and Fayaway, with all the other young girls of her age, were even less so than those of their sex more advanced in years. The reason of this peculiarity will be alluded to hereafter. All the tattooing that the nymph in question exhibited upon her person may be easily described. Three minute dots, no bigger than pinheads, decorated either lip, and at a little



distance were not at all discernible. Just upon the fall of the shoulder were drawn two parallel lines half an inch apart, and perhaps three inches in length, the interval being filled with delicately executed figures. These narrow bands of tattooing, thus placed, always reminded me of those stripes of gold lace worn by officers in undress, and which were in lieu of epaulettes to denote their rank. Thus much was Fayaway tattooed—the audacious hand which had gone so far in its desecrating work stopping short, apparently wanting the heart to proceed.

But I have omitted to describe the dress worn by this nymph of the valley. Fayaway—I must avow the fact—for the most part clung to the primitive and summer garb of Eden. But how becoming the costume ! It showed her fine figure to the best possible advantage ; and nothing could have been better adapted to her peculiar style of beauty. On ordinary occasions she was habited precisely as I have described the two youthful savages whom we had met on first entering the valley. At other times, when rambling among the groves, or visiting at the houses of her acquaintances, she wore a tunic of white tappa, reaching from her waist to a little below the knees ; and when exposed for any length of time to the sun, she invariably protected herself from its rays by a floating mantle of the same material, loosely gathered about the person. Her gala dress will be described hereafter.

As the beauties of our own land delight in be-decking themselves with fanciful articles of jewelry, suspending them from their ears, hanging them about their necks, and clasping them around their wrists, so Fayaway and her companions were

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in the habit of ornamenting themselves with similar appendages.

Flora was their jeweller. Sometimes they work necklaces of small carnation flowers strung like rubies upon a fibre of tappa, or displayed in their ears a single white bud, the stem thrust backward through the aperture, and showing in front the delicate petals folded together in a beautiful sphere, and looking like a drop of the purest pearl. Chaplets, too, resembling in their arrangement the strawberry coronal worn by an English peeress, and composed of intertwined leaves and blossoms, often crowned their temples; and bracelets and anklets of the same tasteful pattern were frequently to be seen. Indeed, the maidens of the island were passionately fond of flowers, and never wearied of decorating their persons with them; a lovely trait in their character, and one that ere long will be more fully alluded to.

"Typee"—HERMAN MELVILLE.

## THE MI-TO-NA-RE OF EMAO

SUDDENLY turning round a sharp point of land, we saw to our left a deep shady valley, and a wild mountain stream rushing over many coloured shells and gravel through a beautiful grove of gracefully waving and fruit-covered cocoa-nut trees. Into this little bay we turned, and none of us thinking at this moment of running the boat up to a landing-place, the old Indian steered her, as a matter of course, directly into the little streamlet of fresh water, and we all four jumped overboard immediately, drinking long, long draughts of the sweet, cool, and long-absent beverage.

My old Indian had already told me this morning, that there was a missionary, or mi-to-na-re, as he spoke the word—for all these natives have great difficulty in pronouncing two consecutive consonants in one syllable — living in this little bay, and I thought, of course, it must be an Englishman or Frenchman. But jumping ashore, and walking up to the nearest rather European-looking house, built of logs and with doors and windows (though the latter were, of course, unglazed) I found a whole crowd of young women and girls, and in the verandah of the building itself a little fat and homely-looking native, in a white cotton-shirt and light striped trousers, who seemed to me, at first sight, to



*Rev. A. W. Guy*

Netmaking in a Papuan Village

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possess some authority. As I did not remark a white man, or any signs of one, I turned at last towards this worthy individual, suspecting he could speak a little English, or something else at least, beside his own native tongue. And I was not mistaken; his "gu morni," which I translated off-hand into "good morning," showed plainly I was right; and offering me his hand when I approached the house—and I really did not look very respectable—he shook it cordially, and offered me a seat without further ceremony.

Now I must tell the reader first, to avoid any mistake, that all the inhabitants of these isles—be they whites or Indians—think each European, or rather each white man who steps upon their shores, let him say whatever he pleases to the contrary, a sailor who has escaped from some whale-ship; and the only politeness they show him in this respect, will be to ask him if he had been before the mast, or boat-steerer. Every assurance to the contrary is perfectly useless, for they most certainly know better; and if you won't give up, and maintain your point, they will shake their heads and smile, as if they were going to say: "But what's the use of denying it now? The ship is gone, and nobody is going to take you here."

Thus the little Indian asked me with one of his most benevolent smiles, and with a quick and funny wink of his left eye: "Wad ship?" to which I answered, not acquainted with these circumstances at that time, "No ship—no sailor."

"No?" winked the little yellow rascal, drawing his lips from ear to ear, "No?" and turning to the girls, and shaking his head very seriously, he spoke

a few words to them, and the whole crowd burst out into a perfect fit of laughter. I had to laugh myself at last, and that, of course, proved the whole matter against me, without the least doubt. I had never in my life seen a set of Indians more pleased than they were.

Asking at last for the missionary—for I longed to hear as much as possible about this beautiful island, and did not understand enough of Tahitian to do it in that language—I had hardly named the word “missionary,” when the little man shook off all his joking ways, described a couple of circles and signs in the air, and pointing towards some very thick books, which lay upon one of the tables—of course, Bibles — and saying something in a murderous language, part Indian, part self-made words, I expect, and the rest English, he came suddenly to a full stop.

“But where is the missionary,” I asked again.

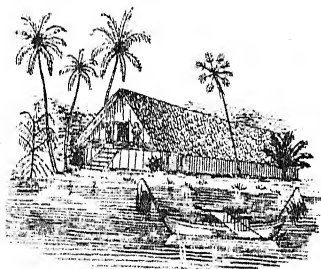
“Me mi-to-na-re,” the little man now answered, pointing with a great deal of pleasant self-consciousness to the spot where his stomach lay under his white cotton shirt.

From this explanation I found that there was no Englishman here. As I understood afterwards, a white missionary lived on the other side of the island. Having no time to look for him now, I had to content myself with the little I could understand in the wonderful communications, which my newly-won friend could make me, and at it I went.

My mi-to-na-re was quite a pleasant character; even at the risk of stumbling twice over a perfect crowd of little naked boys, who crawled and ran about between and under his feet, he covered the

table with a white cloth, and laid with his own hands some baked bread-fruit, roasted pig, bananas, and sweet potatoes upon it. Afterwards, taking down a large roll of thick yellow paper from one of the shelves, he extricated from it, with some trouble, two pair of knives and forks; then stepping up to the table, and saying a very short grace, by which he won my heart, he quickly took his seat, and invited me in a most kind and friendly way to be also seated. As I am never very bashful—but this day was less than ever, having eaten nothing for the last twenty-four hours, on account of the dreadful thirst—I followed the invitation in no time, and we soon finished every particle of the delicious meal.

"Journey Round the World"—F. GERSTAECKER.





## THE HULA MEN

ON the 20th of December (1875) some of the trading canoes which had left five weeks previously for Ilema returned, whilst others had gone west as far as the Aird River. For some nights previous to their arrival there was much night-chanting in Tanapata, for though its inhabitants are less numerous than those of Anuapata, they are, as we had before experienced, much more lively. A light land breeze had sprung up in the early mornings for the last fortnight, which changed an hour to two before midday into a soft south-west sea-breeze. The night-chanting, or *hehoni*, was for the purpose of changing these winds into a favourable north-west wind, to aid the canoes on their return voyage. The chief part of their cargo consisted of sago palm, with the sago unextracted, and a smaller portion of pure sago already fit for use. The palm-stalk is triangular in shape, each side measuring about six inches wide, and containing in the centre a pulpy substance, which the natives either cut out, or by means of pressure, squeeze, saturated with water, through a sieve. When dry it looks like flour; the sago, in the form of globules we are accustomed to see in England, is artificially prepared.

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I was once invited to partake of some sago that had been cooked by old Ila's wife, so went to his domicile. I seated myself on the floor, and placing a banana-leaf before me as a plate, the lady of the house took a handful of the paste out of the boiling pot, and splashed it down for my meal. It was the first and last time I cared to taste native-made sago. A Persian uses the fingers of his right hand to carry food to his mouth, but these uncivilised natives use spoons made of tortoiseshell and bone, showing a superior sense of cleanliness.

Canoes now arrived from Hula with cocoa-nuts, as well as others from Kapakapa and Kaili, all situated south of Port Moresby. It may seem strange that the Motu, living as they do on the seashore, scarcely ever fish, and are even willing to purchase fish when occasion offers. The Hula people on the contrary, who belong to the Kirapuno tribe, are most expert fishermen, using a well-made net for that purpose, and a fishing-spear, or "karaut," resembling a besom.

Almost daily, while they remained here, they went fishing close to a reef outside the harbour, exchanging the fruits of their labour for earthenware vessels and red beads, that now constituted a considerable part of the Motu's wealth.

From three to four small beads would purchase a fish. With such an influx of visitors and food, fresh life animated the place, and plenty reigned around. It was a treat to taste again some ripe bananas, and to drink once more the milk of the cocoa-nut. The price of a cocoa-nut fell to only half a stick of tobacco. We paid the same for a good-sized vessel full of water, which had to be

brought from the only water-hole in the locality, half a mile away. My old friend Boi, one of the Anuapata chiefs, took Hargrave and me one day in his canoe, to see the Hula boats that were tied to stakes driven into the ground behind his house. Including about twenty women, there must have been from sixty to eighty people on board. Cocoa-nuts were piled up in great heaps, and they were cooking fish. The odour that greeted our olfactory organs, therefore, was more strong than agreeable. I was much struck by the great difference between the physique of the Hula people and that of any we had previously seen. If they were a true sample of the Kirapuno, they are without doubt the most handsome tribe in the peninsula, if not in New Guinea. The little children's hair is of a light golden colour, and that of the young men and women of a rich auburn; it grows much darker with age, so that an elderly man frequently appears to have black hair, but on closer examination it is generally found to retain a reddish tint. Among the Polynesians a preparation of lime is sometimes used, to turn the hair yellow, and it is possible that the same means are here employed. The hair grows in ringlets or curling locks, which combined with its colour, the comparative fairness of their skin, their symmetrical features, and the fine proportions of their bodies, constitute them a people of great beauty. This, however, is only the case with young people and children. Some of the old hags were positively hideous, though as children they are pictures of loveliness. One native among the crowd on deck was as fair as any European, and with his flaxen hair one would never have supposed him to

be a native of the tropics. Similar freaks of nature occur now and then among the natives of the South Pacific Islands, and generally excite the admiration of their fellow-countrymen. He was an albino, and the only one I saw while in the country.

The only weapons the Hula men brought were sword-clubs, or "parus," made of cocoa-nut wood, and long spears of the same material, jagged at one end. Crowds of people from the trading canoes in the harbour paid us daily visits at all hours, so that we never enjoyed any real repose. The Hula men wear a yellow-stained belt, instead of the plain uncoloured one of the Motu, and suspend a shell from their heads by means of a lock of back-hair passed through a hole in the centre.

Tha Koiari and Koitapu wear shells suspended in the same way, but from several front locks, instead of one behind; a headdress, made from the fur of the cuscus, is peculiar to them. The Ilema and Maiva may be distinguished by their finely netted collars and belts; the Ilema by their shell bracelets; the tattooing also differs among the various tribes. Indeed, each tribe seems to vary slightly in physique, or has some peculiar characteristic of its own in dress, manners, or usage.

Anuapata proved the rendezvous of northerners and southerners, a regular metropolis, and a complete Babel; for no less than five distinct languages, besides several dialects, were now spoken in the villages. The languages were Motu, Ilema, Maiva, Koitapu, and Kirapuno; while the dialects were those of Kapatsi and Naro in the Maiva, and Kapakapa in the Motu country. No Koiara had yet come down to the coast. In what other country can such

a number of languages be found to exist, in less than two hundred miles of coast line?

Night dances were now regularly indulged in to welcome the arrival of so many strangers, and to celebrate the safe return of their own people. They always took place at Tanapata, five minutes' walk from Anupata. Among the Motu, the unmarried of both sexes join in the dances, but among the Kaipuno only the men, married and single. They dance therefore in quite a different style, that of the latter being particularly graceful and pleasing. Moonlight nights are preferred, as no fire or other light is kept burning. Dancing takes place on the beach in front of the chief's house, commencing in the cool of the evening, and sometimes continuing until dawn, and it is conducted with order and propriety. Just before the sun disappeared behind the western hills the drums would commence their monotonous beating of the tum-a-tum-tum, tum-a-tum-tum, informing us that the amusement had begun. . . .

The Hula (Kaipuno) dances are charmingly graceful and pleasing, surpassing in this respect many more civilised ones, and somewhat resemble a ballet. I will describe one I saw which took place during an interval, when the dancers just referred to were resting from their exertions. Four men stood at one end of the open space, each beating his drum and bending his knees to the sound about sixty times a minute, chanting meanwhile. At the opposite end four other dancers formed in Indian file, and at a given signal came dancing towards their *vis-a-vis* with sliding movements, bending their lithe bodies in easy attitudes. Their chief

dancer led the way, holding a drum high in the air, profusely decorated with hollow black seeds the size and shape of chestnuts, which gave out a clacking sound by knocking against one another. In his mouth he carried a charm, or "kotsiva," to give grace to his actions, made of split bamboo, 16 inches long, burnt in various devices and decorated with feathers. The same charm accompanies them during war, to give strength and endurance, only at dances it is carried horizontally, and in war perpendicularly, in their mouths. The remaining three dancers followed their accomplished leader, swaying their drums from side to side or fantastically above their heads, accompanying the sound by their voices, to which the nimble movements of their limbs kept time. They stood for some moments face to face, going through various evolutions, and then rested for a minute, afterwards returning to their first position, when the performance was repeated by the four opposite dancers.

"A Few Months in New Guinea"—OCTAVIUS C. STONE.

## ISLAND "POTEEEN"

**I**T MUST have been at least the tenth day, reckoning from the Hegira, that we found ourselves the guests of Varvy, an old hermit of an islander who kept house by himself perhaps a couple of leagues from Taloo.

A stone's-cast from the beach there was a fantastic rock, moss-grown and deep in a dell. It was insulated by a shallow brook, which, dividing its waters, flowed on both sides until united below. Twisting its roots round the rock, a gnarled "Aoa" spread itself overhead in a wilderness of foliage; the elastic branch-roots depending from the larger boughs insinuating themselves into every cleft, thus forming supports to the parent stem. In some places, these pendulous branches, half-grown, had not yet reached the rock; swinging their loose fibrous ends in the air like whiplashes.

Varvy's hut, a mere coop of bamboos, was perched upon a level part of the rock, the ridge-pole resting at one end in a crotch of the "Aoa" and the other propped by a forked bough planted in a fissure.

Notwithstanding our cries as we drew near, the first hint the old hermit received of our approach was the doctor's stepping up and touching his shoulder, as he was kneeling over on a stone cleaning fish in the brook. He leaped up, and stared at



us. But with a variety of uncouth gestures, he soon made us welcome; informing us, by the same means, that he was both deaf and dumb; he then motioned us into his dwelling.

Going in, we threw ourselves upon an old mat, and peered round. The soiled bamboos and calabashes looked so uninviting that the doctor was for pushing on to Taloo that night, notwithstanding it was near sunset. But at length we concluded to stay where we were.

After a good deal of bustling outside under a decrepit shed, the old man made his appearance with our supper. In one hand he held a flickering taper, and in the other, a huge flat calabash, scantily filled with viands. His eyes were dancing in his head, and he looked from the calabash to us, and from us to the calabash, as much as to say, "Ah, my lads, what do ye think of this, eh? Pretty good cheer, eh?" But the fish and Indian turnips being none of the best, we made but a sorry meal. While discussing it, the old man tried hard to make himself understood by signs; most of which were so excessively ludicrous that we made no doubt that he was perpetrating a series of pantomimic jokes.

The remnants of the feast removed, our host left us for a moment, returning with a calabash of portly dimensions and furnished with a long, hooked neck, the mouth of which was stopped with a wooden plug. It was covered with particles of earth, and looked as if just taken from a place underground.

With sundry winks and horrible giggles peculiar to the dumb, the vegetable demijohn was now tapped; the old fellow looking round cautiously, and pointing at it, as much as to intimate that it con-



tained something which was "taboo", or forbidden.

Aware that intoxicating liquors were strictly prohibited to the natives, we now watched our entertainer with much interest. Charging a cocoa-nut shell, he tossed it off, and then filling up again, presented the goblet to me. Disliking the smell, I made faces at it, upon which he became highly excited, so much so that a miracle was wrought upon the spot. Snatching the cup from my hands, he shouted out, "Ah, karhowree sabbee lee-lee, ena arva tee maitai !"—in other words, what a blockhead of a white man ! This is the real stuff !

We could not have been more startled had a frog leaped from his mouth. For an instant, he looked confused enough himself, and then placing a finger mysteriously upon his mouth, he contrived to make us understand that at times he was subject to a suspension of the powers of speech.

Deeming the phenomenon a remarkable one, every way, the doctor desired him to open his mouth so that he might have a look down. But he refused.

This occurrence made us rather suspicious of our host; nor could we afterwards account for his conduct, except by supposing that his feigning dumbness might in some way or other assist him in the nefarious pursuits in which it afterwards turned out that he was engaged. This conclusion, however, was not altogether satisfactory.

To oblige him, we at last took a sip of his "arva tee" and found it very crude, and strong as Lucifer. Curious to know whence it was obtained, we questioned him; when, lighting up with pleasure, he seized the taper, and led us outside the hut, bidding us follow.

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After going some distance through the woods, we came to a dismantled old shed of boughs, apparently abandoned to decay. Underneath, nothing was to be seen but heaps of decaying leaves and an immense, clumsy jar, wide-mouthed, and by some means, rudely hollowed out from a ponderous stone.

Here, for a while, we were left to ourselves; the old man placing the light in the jar, and then disappearing. He returned, carrying a long, large bamboo, and a crotched stick. Throwing these down, he poked under a pile of rubbish, and brought out a rough block of wood, pierced through and through with a hole, which was immediately clapped on the top of the jar. Then planting the crotched stick upright about two yards distant, and making it sustain one end of the bamboo, he inserted the other end of the latter into the hole in the block, concluding these arrangements by placing an old calabash under the farther end of the bamboo.

Coming up to us now with a sly, significant look, and pointing admiringly at his apparatus, he exclaimed, "Ah, karhowree, ena hannahanna arva tee!"—as much as to say, "*This*, you see, is the way it's done."

His contrivance was nothing less than a native still, where he manufactured his island "poteen." The disarray in which we found it was probably intentional, as a security against detection. Before we left the shed, the old fellow toppled the whole concern over, and dragged it away piecemeal.

His disclosing his secret to us thus was characteristic of the "Tootai Owrees," or contemnners of the missionaries among the natives, who, presuming that all foreigners are opposed to the ascendancy

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of the missionaries, take pleasure in making them confidants, whenever the enactments of their rulers are secretly set at nought.

The substance from which the liquor is produced is called "Tee," which is a large, fibrous root, something like yam, but smaller. In its green state, it is exceedingly acrid; but boiled or baked, has the sweetness of the sugarcane. After being subjected to the fire, macerated and reduced to a certain stage of fermentation, the "Tee" is stirred up with water and is then ready for distillation.

On returning to the hut, pipes were introduced, and, after a while, Long Ghost, who at first, had relished the "Arva Tee" as little as myself, to my surprise, began to wax sociable over it, with Varvy, and, before long, absolutely got mellow, the old toper keeping him company

It was a curious sight. Everyone knows that, so long as the occasion lasts, there is no stronger bond of sympathy and good feeling among men than getting tipsy together. And how earnestly, nay, movingly, a brace of worthies, thus employed, will endeavour to shed light upon, and elucidate their mystical ideas!

Fancy Varvy and the doctor, then, lovingly tippling, and brimming over with a desire to become better acquainted; the doctor politely bent upon carrying on the conversation in the language of his host, and the old hermit persisting in trying to talk English. The result was that, between the two, they made such a fricasse of vowels and consonants that it was enough to turn one's brain.

The next morning, on waking, I heard a voice from the tombs. It was the doctor solemnly pro-

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nouncing himself a dead man. He was sitting up, with both hands clasped over his forehead, and his pale face a thousand times paler than ever.

"That infernal stuff has murdered me!" he cried. "Heavens! my head's all wheels and springs, like the automaton chess-player! What's to be done, Paul? I'm poisoned."

But after drinking a herbal draught concocted by our host, and eating a light meal, at noon, he felt much better; so much so that he declared himself ready to continue our journey.

When we came to start, the Yankee's boots were missing, and, after a diligent search, were not to be found. Enraged beyond measure, their proprietor said that Varvy must have stolen them; but, considering their hospitality, I thought this extremely improbable, though to whom else to impute the theft I knew not. The doctor maintained, however, that one who was capable of drugging an innocent traveller with "Arva Tee" was capable of anything.

But it was in vain that he stormed, and Varvy and I searched; the boots were gone.

Were it not for this mysterious occurrence, and Varvy's detestable liquors, I would here recommend all travellers going round by the beach to Partoowye to stop at the Rock, and patronize the old gentleman—the more especially as he entertains gratis.

"Omoo"—HERMAN MELVILLE.

# THE ISLAND WORLD



Samoa : Fale-Tele, or Council House

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## TWO FAIRY TALES

THIS is the story of two sisters: their names were Bigmouth and Smallmouth. One day they set a snare, and after waiting some time, went to look if there was anything caught. They found in it a swamp hen, and carried it home and cooked it. When it was sufficiently baked, Bigmouth said to her sister, "If I can swallow it all at one mouthful you shan't have any, but all that I can't swallow at one mouthful shall be your share." Bigmouth then opened her enormous jaws and swallowed the bird whole. At this poor Littlemouth began to cry, for she was very hungry. But Bigmouth said, "Don't cry; we will very soon catch another."

So they went out again with another snare, which they set, and after a little time went to look if anything was caught. And in it this time they found a woman and a baby.

When they saw her they were in great spirits. But the woman cried and begged them not to eat her, saying that she was very clever at fishing, and if they would take her home and spare her life, she would fish for them every day and get them an abundance of food. To this they consented and took the woman and child home. When they reached the house the woman said, "Take care of my child, and I will go out fishing for you at once." The sisters

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promised to take good care of the child, and the woman went out, wading away in the shallow water towards the reef. Now, no sooner was the woman out of the way, than Bigmouth pulled off one of the child's legs and began to eat it; and by the time the woman had got to the fishing-ground, Little-mouth had pulled off the other leg and eaten it. And a strong smell was wafted across the water to the woman, so unsavoury that she could not fish. Then Bigmouth, going down to the beach, sang loud across the water, "We will stone the swamp hen and hang the child." And the woman sang back, "Feed it well; feed it well; feed it on pap that it may not choke!"

Then Bigmouth and Littlemouth each tore off an arm and ate it, and then proceeded to tear the rest of the child's body in pieces, taking care to catch the blood in a cocoa-nut shell. And again a strange and sickening smell was wafted across the water to the woman as she fished, and she sang again as before, "Feed it well; feed it well; feed it on pap that it may not choke."

Still the sisters continued devouring the child, till all was gone but the head. This they took, and first shaved the hair in diamond pattern, then painted it all over, and placed it near the door. They took a large piece of tappa, which they rolled up to resemble the child's body, so that it appeared as if the child were sleeping. And then sat down and awaited the mother's return.

She presently came back, put down her basket of fish outside the door, and asked for a cocoa-nut shell of water to wash with. The sisters handed her the shell of blood. But the mother said, "What



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a strange smell of blood !” And they said, “ This is one of the shells we have used to mix our paint in, and that makes the smell.”

“ Well,” said the mother, “ it certainly smells like blood to me.” However, she took it and washed herself in it, and then brought in her basket of fish. She asked for a clean dry mat to put on, for her own was wet with fishing. But the sisters said, “ Your child Konootofia is lying on the only one we have.” Not willing to disturb the child, she asked for a piece of tappa. But they answered her that the only piece of tappa they had was covering the child. However, they went and fetched some leaves of the dracaena that she might make a girdle for herself, but the woman said, “ You have not brought enough.” So they went out to fetch some more; and on the way they saw a young tree, and they stopped to enchant it, so that it might grow up to the sky, and then they brought in some more leaves of the dracaena. Still the woman said it was not enough. So they went again and again; each time singing to the tree to grow quick, while the woman made her dress. They then ran to the tree, and climbed up a long way, and there sat and sang. “ Look at your child; it is eaten !” The mother hearing this, ran to her child, and lifting up the tappa, saw that there was nothing left of it but the head. Then in a fury she ran to the foot of the tree, and tried to climb up after the sisters, but the one that had gone up last had stripped off all the bark, and the stem was now so slippery that the mother could not climb. After several vain attempts, she sat down at the foot of the tree in despair, and cried for some time. Then she went into the house, and taking her child’s head



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in her lap, she wept over it, saying, "Oh, what a foolish woman was I to go out fishing and leave my child! Had I taken proper care of it this would never have happened." Then she came out of the house, and sat down at the foot of the enchanted tree, and there she pined away and died.

But Bigmouth and Littlemouth still kept climbing up, and they got so high and went so far that they came to another world. And there they saw two people grown together and quite blind. These two had each ten yams cooking on the fire, and they were also busy making a mat. Then Bigmouth and Littlemouth, careful not to make the slightest noise, crept up and each took one yam off the fire. And presently the two people turning round to the fire to ascertain if their yams were cooked, found that two were gone. And the one said to the other, "I have lost a yam; and the other answered, "So have I!" However, they said no more, but went on making their mat. Then Bigmouth and Littlemouth ate all the yams but two. And when the blind people discovered their loss, each accused the other of stealing, and they began to quarrel; but their bad temper soon passed off, and they began to dance, wondering who had stolen their yams. Their dance was so good that Bigmouth and Littlemouth burst out laughing. Then the blind people knew that strangers were present, and at once put them down as the thieves who had stolen their yams, and they were very angry. But Bigmouth and Littlemouth said to them, "Do not be angry with us, for we can do you a great service. We will give you sight; and although you are fast grown together yet we can separate you." They then got some herbs and some

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cocoa-nut oil, and they also picked up some small stinging ants. They anointed their bodies with the oil and herbs, and they came asunder. The small ants they placed on their eyes, and the ants stung them and their eyes were opened. And then they all played at "hide and seek."

This story was pronounced so excellent, that the old lady, Our Polynesian Scheherazade, after a few draws at an old clay pipe, and a pull at a green cocoa-nut, commenced again as follows:—

This is the story of a woman. A long time ago there lived a woman quite alone, but at last growing weary of her solitude, and wanting some amusement, she went to another island and walked about and amused herself. The king of that island, happening to meet her, fell violently in love with her, for she was very beautiful, and after a short courtship he took her to be his wife, and in due course of time two children were born, the first a boy, to whom was given the name Ephongmal, the second a girl, who was called Sheun.

The king's brother, whose name was Tinro, took care of the girl.

But in course of time the king's subjects grew jealous of the queen, and brought evil reports of her to the king, telling him that she was a witch, and that he ought to have nothing to do with her. The king was at last persuaded by these reports, and sent for his son, with the intention of eating him. And the king's brother Tinro was the only one that objected.

The mother was, of course, much distressed at the determination of the king to eat her son. But she comforted her boy, assuring him that it was far

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better to be eaten by his own father than by anyone else.

A day was appointed for the feast to come off, and the people built small huts in the town, where all might sit and see the operation. But the king refused to sit in one of these huts, preferring to eat his son in the open air. Then when the people had collected, they laid green cocoa-nut leaves on the ground, on which to cut up the boy, but he begged to be cut up on a mat and not on a green leaf. And all the time Sheun, his sister, stood by weeping and begging that she might share his fate. But her brother said, "No; I alone will die."

Then they cut him in pieces and placed the heart before the king, and Sheun stood by beating off the flies with a fan. Then the mother said to her daughter, "When I give you the signal, throw the heart at the king and run to me." All this time the mother had been busy; she had filled an old canoe with water and had also baked some food. At the given signal the daughter threw the heart at the king and ran to her mother. The mother took up the heart and put it into the canoe full of water, and as she put it in she said to it, "When I turn round, you turn round." And as she spoke she turned round, and the heart turned also, and became covered with flesh. She addressed it again in the same words, and as she turned round so the heart turned, until it became a whole body and finally sat up in the canoe.

Then the mother made her son eat the food she had baked, and they went away.

They came to the mother's original home, and there they built a large canoe, and sailed to another

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land, where they were met by a very fine-looking man and woman, who begged them to stop there. But Ephongmal declined, fearing that they were cannibals. They assured him they were not cannibals, and persuaded him to stop.

The result of that was that Ephongmal married the woman, and in course of time a son was born.

Now the woman was really all the time a cannibal, and having abstained from human flesh for some time, she felt an indescribable longing for it, and begged her brother to procure some for her. He at first refused, saying no good would come of it; but she begged so persistently, that he took her child and cooked it, and placed it before her to eat. But she, fearing her husband's wrath if he should discover that his child had been cooked, wanted to conceal the body; but her brother said, "No; you asked for it, and it shall be known that you have got it."

Soon after Ephongmal came in, and was seized with the greatest distress on account of his child's death, and would not allow it to be eaten. And going down to the beach, he launched his canoe and returned home to his own island; but by the time he had got there he found that the woman had managed to reach it also by swimming. He refused to forgive her, and would not let her enter his house, and next day took her back to her own island, and returned home. Still the woman persisted in swimming back to him again; and at last, after repeated efforts to get rid of her, and finding that she would keep on swimming back to him, he took her out to sea, a long way from land, and threw her overboard, and there they say she is still to be seen.

"A Yachting Cruise in the South Seas"—C. F. WOOD.

## THE LONG-BOATS OF SAMOA

AT APIA we had our first experience of *fautasis*, the Samoan long-boats, built like whale-boats, but of enormous length. They usually have two oarsmen per thwart, and one or two that we saw had sixteen pairs of rowers. Yet even with this length a boat may be no more than six or even five feet broad. Such craft have every kind of disadvantage. They are so long that in a heavy sea they are likely to break their backs, and, as we found after a long stormy journey out to the ship at Tuasivi, they are very unhandy alongside a ship. It is quite impossible for the coxswain to make his voice heard more than a third of the way up the double bank of rowers; meantime the middle section of the crew will follow its own sweet will while the other third at the bows will be doing the bidding of the most forceful person forward. Then possibilities of disaster are obvious, and I was never sorry to get out of a *fautasi*. The boat is the outward embodiment of that reluctance to choose a commander from among their own number which results from the primitive socialism of the South Sea.

So narrow a boat with a pair of rowers at each thwart only allows of the shortest of oars, and in consequence their stroke is a jerky little chop at the water, which is very unpleasant for passengers.

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Yet for all these evils there is a reason. The young men get such boats that they may continue the ancient Samoan institution of "going on malanga". When the gardens have been stripped too freely of their crops or the village folk are suffering from the Samoan for *ennui*, they want a holiday, and like good socialists they enjoy it all together. The long-boat carries thirty or forty at a time, distributes the labour among all, and looks as impressive as did its predecessor of earlier days—the long canoe. When they have decided to "go on malanga", they clean up their gardens, so that these may be bearing well by the time of their return, and set out to visit their friends along the coast. Hospitality is sure; the villages chosen will put every last pig to the slaughter, and the feast will last for days. Then the visitors will go farther on their journey. Each entertaining village knows that it will get compensation for the burden it is bearing, when it chooses to set out on "malanga" in its turn. The system is altogether like a cricket tour of the Australians in England.

Indeed, some of the malangas actually were cricket tours. A few years ago cricket was introduced into Samoa, and taken up with unbalanced enthusiasm. One village would go to play another, and would stay for days. The gardens were neglected, and old tribal feuds bade fair to revive. . . .

The Samoans are skilful fishermen, and there are almost as many methods as there are species of fish. One method we saw was curiously primitive in proportion to its effectiveness. Within the reef at high tide a long V-shaped enclosure is made, with the point out to sea. The sides are composed of nothing more than a long string of big leaves, depending

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from a line at the surface of the water. The point of the "V" is apparently open, and the fish, scared along the line of leaves to the point of convergence, dash through, only to find themselves in a strong net.

The Samoan method of catching sharks is unique. The apparatus is a large canoe, a rattle made of half cocoa-nut shells sliding on a rod, a bait, and a big running noose of fibre or cane. The rattle is sounded under water to attract the sharks. When they are near, a bait is thrown overboard on its string, and the noose is held out from the boat like the hoop for a circus rider. When the shark comes close, the bait is drawn slowly backwards through the noose, the shark follows with a dash, and, as he passes through, the crew of the big canoe spring the noose tight round him, and draw him in to be clubbed.

A great deal of fishing is done with the ordinary fishing spear of the Pacific, which has ten or a dozen points set in a circle on the end of the spear haft. One tree, again, produced a seed, of which the juice is poisonous enough to stupefy the fish, so that they float to the surface of the water. Of recent years contact with the West has introduced the trick of fishing with dynamite cartridges. They are thrown at a suitable spot in the water, just when they are about to burst. But even a fisherman may hold a cartridge a fraction too long, and as a penalty of such misjudgment there are a good many handless men in Samoa.

"Pastels From the Pacific"—FRANK LENWOOD.



## QUEEN POMAREE

**I**T IS WELL to learn something about people before being introduced to them, and we will here give some account of Pomaree and her family.

Every reader of Cook's Voyages must remember "Otoo," who, in that navigator's time, was king of the larger peninsula of Tahiti. Subsequently, assisted by the muskets of the Bounty's men, he extended his rule over the entire island. This Otoo, before his death, had his name changed into Pomaree, which has ever since been the royal patronymic.

He was succeeded by his son, Pomaree II, the most famous prince in the annals of Tahiti. Though a sad debauchee and drunkard, and even charged with unnatural crimes, he was a great friend of the missionaries and one of their very first proselytes. During the religious wars into which he was hurried by his zeal for the new faith, he was defeated and expelled from the island. After a short exile he returned from Imeeo, with an army of eight hundred warriors, and in the battle of Narii routed the rebellious pagans with great slaughter, and re-established himself upon the throne. Thus, by force of arms, was Christianity finally triumphant in Tahiti.

Pomaree II, dying in 1821, was succeeded by his infant son, under the title of Pomaree III. This



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young prince survived his father but six years; and the government descended to his elder sister Aimata, the present queen, who is commonly called Pomaree Vahinee I, or the first female Pomaree. Her majesty must be now upwards of thirty years of age. She has been twice married. Her first husband was a son of the old King of Tahar, an island about one hundred miles from Tahiti. This proving an unhappy alliance, the pair were soon afterwards divorced. The present husband of the queen is a chief of Imeeo.

The reputation of Pomaree is not what it ought to be. She, and also her mother, were, for a long time, excommunicated members of the Church, and the former, I believe, still is. Among other things, her conjugal fidelity is far from being unquestioned. Indeed, it was upon this ground chiefly that she was excluded from the communion of the Church.

Previous to her misfortunes she spent the greater portion of her time sailing about from one island to another, attended by a licentious court; and wherever she went all manner of games and festivities celebrated her arrival.

She was always given to display. For several years the maintenance of a regiment of household troops drew largely upon the royal exchequer. They were trouserless fellows, in a uniform of calico shirts and pasteboard hats; armed with muskets of all shapes and calibres, and commanded by a great noisy chief, strutting it in a coat of fiery red. These heroes escorted their mistress whenever she went abroad.

Some time ago, the queen received from her English sister, Victoria, a very showy, though uneasy, head-dress—a crown; probably made to order at

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some tinman's in London. Having no idea of reserving so pretty a bauble for coronation days, which come so seldom, her majesty sported it whenever she appeared in public; and, to show her familiarity with European customs, politely touched it to all foreigners of distinction — whaling captains, and the like — whom she happened to meet in her evening walk on the Broom Road.

The arrival and departure of royalty were always announced at the palace by the court artilleryman — a fat old gentleman, who, in a prodigious hurry and perspiration, discharged minute fowling-pieces as fast as he could load and fire the same.

The Tahitian princess leads her husband a hard life. Poor fellow! he not only caught a queen, but a Tartar, when he married her. The style by which he is addressed is rather significant — “Pomaree-Tanee” (Pomaree's man). All things considered, as appropriate a title for a king-consort as could be hit upon.

If ever there were a henpecked husband, that man is the prince. One day, his carasposa, giving audience to a deputation from the captains of the vessels lying in Papeetee, he ventured to make a suggestion which was very displeasing to her. She turned round and, boxing his ears, told him to go over to his beggarly island of Imeeo if he wanted to give himself airs.

Cuffed and contemned, Poor Tanee flies to the bottle, or rather to the calabash, for solace. Like his wife and mistress, he drinks more than he ought.

Six or seven years ago, when an American man-of-war was lying at Papeetee, the town was thrown into the greatest commotion by a conjugal assault

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and battery made upon the sacred person of Pomaree by her intoxicated Tanee.

Captain Bob once told me the story. And by way of throwing more spirit into the description, as well as to make up for his oral deficiencies, the old man went through the accompanying action: myself being proxy for the Queen of Tahiti.

It seems that, on a Sunday morning, being dismissed contemptuously from the royal presence, Tanee was accosted by certain good fellows, friends and boon companions, who condoled with him on his misfortunes—railed against the queen, and finally dragged him away to an illicit vendor of spirits, in whose house the party got gloriously mellow. In this state, Pomaree Vahinee I. was the topic upon which all dilated—"A vixen of a queen," probably suggested one. "It's infamous," said another; "and I'd have satisfaction," cried a third. "And so I will!"—Tanee must have hiccoughed; for off he went; and ascertaining that his royal half was out riding, he mounted his horse and galloped after her.

Near the outskirts of the town, a cavalcade of women came cantering toward him, in the centre of which was the object of his fury. Smiting his beast right and left, he dashed in among them, completely overturning one of the party, leaving her on the field, and dispersing everybody else except Pomaree. Backing her horse dexterously, the incensed queen heaped upon him every scandalous epithet she could think of; until at last the enraged Tanee leaped out of his saddle, caught Pomaree by her dress, and dragging her to the earth struck her repeatedly in the face, holding on meanwhile by the hair of her head. He was proceeding to strangle her on the

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spot, when the cries of the frightened attendants brought a crowd of natives to the rescue, who bore the nearly insensible queen away.

But his frantic rage was not yet sated. He ran to the palace; and before it could be prevented, demolished a valuable supply of crockery, a recent present from abroad. In the act of perpetrating some other atrocity, he was seized from behind, and carried off with rolling eyes and foaming at the mouth.

This is a fair example of a Tahitian in a passion. Though the mildest of mortals in general, and hard to be roused, when once fairly up, he is possessed with a thousand devils.

The day following, Tanee was privately paddled over to Imeeo in a canoe; where, after remaining in banishment for a couple of weeks, he was allowed to return, and once more live in his domestic adhesion.

Though Pomaree Vahine I. be something of a Jezebel in private life, in her public rule she is said to have been quite lenient and forbearing. This was her true policy; for an hereditary hostility to her family had always lurked in the hearts of many powerful chiefs, the descendants of the old Kings of Taiarboo, dethroned by her grandfather Otoo. Chief among these, and in fact the leader of his party, was Poofai, a bold, able man, who made no secret of his enmity to the missionaries and the government which they controlled. But while events were occurring calculated to favour the hopes of the disaffected and turbulent, the arrival of the French gave a most unexpected turn to affairs.

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During my sojourn in Tahiti, a report was rife—which I knew to originate with what is generally called the “missionary party”—that Poofai and some other chiefs of note had actually agreed, for a stipulated bribe, to acquiesce in the appropriation of their country. But subsequent events have rebutted the calumny. Several of these very men have recently died in battle against the French.

Under the sovereignty of the Pomarees, the great chiefs of Tahiti were something like the barons of King John. Holding feudal sway over their patrimonial valleys, and on account of their descent, warmly beloved by the people, they frequently cut off the royal revenues by refusing to pay the customary tribute due from them as vassals.

The truth is, that with ascendancy of the missionaries, the regal office in Tahiti lost much of its dignity and influence. In the days of paganism, it was supported by all the power of a numerous priesthood, and was solemnly connected with the entire superstitious idolatry of the land. The monarch claimed to be a sort of bye-blow of Tararua, the Saturn of the Polynesian mythology, and cousin-german to inferior deities. His person was thrice holy; if he entered an ordinary dwelling, never mind for how short a time, it was demolished when he left; no common mortal being thought worthy to inhabit it afterward.

“I’m a greater man than King George,” said the incorrigible young Otoo to the first missionaries; “he rides on a horse, and I on a man.” Such was the case. He travelled post through his dominions on the shoulders of his subjects, and relays of mortal beings were provided in all the valleys.

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But alas! how times have changed; how transient human greatness. Some years since Pomaree Vahinee I., the granddaughter of the proud Otoo, went into the laundry business, publicly soliciting, by her agents, the washing of the linen belonging to the officers of ships touching in her harbours.

It is a significant fact, and one worthy of record, that while the influence of the English missionaries at Tahiti has tended to so great a diminution of the regal dignity there, that of the American missionaries at the Sandwich Islands has been purposely exerted to bring about a contrary result.

"Omoo"—HERMAN MELVILLE.



## THE SOLOMONS IN THE SEVENTIES

WITH a fresh fair breeze we bore away for San Christoval, and soon left the Terra Australis of Quiros far behind, an island which remains in as savage a condition, and scarcely better known than when the old navigator discovered it nearly two hundred and seventy-years ago.

Our good fair wind kept with us, and at noon on Sunday, August 31, we sighted Cape Surville, the extreme eastern point of the island of San Christoval. But when we got within five miles of the land, the strong trade-wind that had brought us thus far failed us suddenly without any warning, and left us tossing in a troubled sea, without a breath of air. Thus we lay till after sunset, when a breeze came off the land, and we sailed on westwards down the coast, and by daylight found ourselves off the entrance to Makira Bay, where I intended anchoring. As the sun rose so the land-breeze, that had helped us all night, became weaker, and finally failed us altogether, when we were left becalmed for an hour or so. This seems usual amongst these islands. The large and lofty islands of this group interrupt the regular oceanic trade-winds, and in their place give one a sea-breeze during the day, a land-breeze during the night. Makira Bay was at once recognized by the Solomon Island boy I had brought from Roto-



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mah, and with the first light breath of the sea-breeze we stood in towards the entrance.

As we sailed slowly down the open bay, which gradually contracts and forms the entrance to Makira harbour, we could see numbers of canoes paddling about close in shore; but they appeared very shy and would not come near us till we had almost entered the harbour; then, as we drew slowly in with a light breeze, they came nearer and paddled round us in their canoes. These are unlike anything we had yet seen in the South Seas, and are perfect gems of beauty. At both ends they rise in a graceful curve to a sharp peak, so that the frail little craft has the appearance of a crescent lightly resting on the water. The outrigger so generally used throughout the Pacific islands is sight of here, except in the case of very small canoes, which they use for paddling about the inner harbor. These latter are very tiny, being sometimes only ten inches wide, and their outrigger consists of the stem of a cocoa or sage-palm branch. They are more crank than any outrigger sculling boat in England, and it requires considerable skill to sit them; they were a constant source of amusement during our stay here, some of us were for ever paddling about in them, and generally met with a speedy capsizing.

When the harbour, which is completely landlocked, opened out, we turned the schooner sharp round a rocky point to the left, and anchored in eight fathoms close in shore, for the water here deepens very rapidly. Just facing us was the principal village of the bay.

The whole scene was like one in a fairy tale, for when the ripples caused by our casting anchor had



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died away, the multitude of tiny canoes that had followed us in, still floated half distrustfully around us, each frail little vessel, with its swarthy occupants, lay perfectly mirrored in the glassy water of the bay. Every palm tree on the beach was reflected in the water, that only now and then betrayed its imperceptible heavings by lazily lapping the coral beach.

The scant air that had brought us in still rustled in our unfurled topsails, but failed to reach the water, so closely sheltered were we by the wooded hills that fringed the harbour; only out in the centre of the harbour, light eddying puffs ran here and there, ruffling the surface of the water, and then suddenly dying. We only had just time to take in the scene before the canoes, gaining courage, came alongside, and their dusky occupants climbed on board.

We now found ourselves amongst a people utterly unlike any of the islanders further south. Small in stature, though strongly built, and of very dark hue, the native of San Christoval is not while young actually hideous, but this is all that can be said for his personal appearance. He wears not the dignified appearance of the Fijian, nor the wild savage independent look of the New Hebrides native. He is passionately fond of ornament, and while wearing scarcely any covering at all, he loads himself with decorations. His arms are covered with heavy white rings made from the huge tridacna, he ties a coronet of white cowries round his temples, and sticks a long comb in his almost woolly hair, to which he also delights to attach a large scarlet tassel of grass. In his nose he wears a large ring of either tortoise-shell or

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mother-of-pearl; has neatly plaited anklets of dyed grass, and invariably slings from his naked shoulders a small bag in which he keeps little odds and ends, such as fish-hooks made of pearl shell, or a spoon of the same material; invariably he has with him a neatly engraved bamboo box containing lime, and this he uses to mix with the betel-nut which he incessantly chews from morning to night. In addition to all this some of the more important men wear a large crescent of mother-of-pearl suspended on their chest, on which they set a very high value, and which they cannot be induced to part with at any price. These were the people who now crowded on board my schooner, and it seemed strange indeed to be accosted by them in one's own language; but the fact is the harbour was at one time occasionally visited by whalers, and some of the men have been tempted to go for a cruise; one or two that I met had paid visits to Sydney and Hobart Town.

Soon after anchoring, King Wasinow came on board, neatly dressed in a straw hat and a shell bracelet, and as he spoke a few words of English, I got on very well with him, and promised to commence buying yams and general fresh provisions from his people the following morning. He then told his subjects that everything they brought on the following day would be purchased by me, and shortly afterwards went on shore. . . .

Here, as we landed from the boat, it was truly magnificent. The forest trees, with long straight stems, towered to a vast height above the coconut, sago, and areca palms; with these latter were mingled gigantic tree ferns, often attaining a height

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of thirty or forty feet. Of course the atmosphere in such a forest is steamy and oppressive. It is pleasant enough to sit down and look at nature so grandly dressed, but walking about with your chin in air looking upwards for pigeons will generally be found a mistake. The countless vines and perfect network of creeping plants are for ever entangling one's feet. And whilst in pursuit of pigeons the unwary sportsman constantly finds himself in the position of Andrew Marvel in the garden:

*" Stumbling on melons as I pass  
Ensnared with flowers I fall on grass."*

We, however, scrambled up the first range of hills, but finding no view was to be had in any direction, returned at once with a few pigeons to the boat. The two Makira lads that accompanied me professed to be very anxious at my going even as far as I did, giving me to understand that there were people living up in these hills who were not to be trusted. We now continued rowing round the harbour, occasionally shooting pigeons that stupidly sat in the trees overhanging the water. We presently passed a small wooded islet. Here they told me they deposit the bones of their dead after separating them from the flesh. This appears to be the custom, for I was shown another bare rocky islet near the entrance of the harbour used for the same purpose. The bones of chiefs are, however, collected and placed in the large canoe shed, near their own canoe. A similar custom is described by Lord Byron as prevailing in the Sandwich Islands. . . .

When we had arrived at the village that faced our anchorage, I stepped on shore. The Solomon

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Islander's house is far more substantially built than the average Polynesian house; the walls are constructed of split bamboo, sometimes doubled, to make them spear-proof; the rafters of the roof are also made of large bamboo stems, and the whole is surmounted by a thatched roof of sago-palm branches. The eaves of a Polynesian house almost touch the ground and, as a rule, the ridge-pole runs parallel to the frontage. In the Solomon Islands the houses have good bamboo walls, that raise the eaves seven or eight feet from the ground, and the gable end always forms the front of the house. To enter it is necessary to mount a small verandah of bamboo, raised about three feet from the ground, and then passing through a small square doorway, descend to the level of the ground again inside.

In fact, the entrance to a Solomon Island house is formed like the pigeon-holes of a dove-cote. The houses are always dirty, and it appears strange that a people so clever at all kinds of plaiting and weaving should not take the trouble to weave mats for the floors of their houses. With the exception of a few miserable little scraps of very coarse matting, I never saw any covering to the floor; the natives sleep on the bare earth. . .

The chief objects of interest in every village are the canoe houses. These are long sheds open at both ends, with the exception of a low pallisade to keep the pigs out. In these sheds are kept the big canoes, which appear to be the property of the tribe. The roof is supported by a number of posts, each post being a human figure, half life-size, standing on a pedestal. Some of these figures have elaborately carved head-dresses, and all have represented on

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them the ornaments worn by natives at the present day. In fact, with the exception that they are quite nude, and have these extraordinary head-dresses, carved to receive the beams of the roof, they are exact representations of the present race of natives. No two of these figures are the same, although the same set of figures is repeated in all the canoe sheds that I visited. It would appear from this that they are stereotyped forms, recognised by tradition, possibly effigies of some hero or god, and apparently emblematic, for each figure holds something in his hand, such as a fish, or a paddle of a canoe. At the present time the people do not look on them with superstitious awe. In answer to my enquiries they called them "A'oo," which, I should imagine, corresponded to "Atua," the general name for god or spirit throughout Polynesia.

The greater part of the shed is occupied by the large canoes, capable of holding at least twenty men. They have no outrigger, and rise to a high peak at both ends. They are richly carved, and tastefully inlaid with white shells and mother-of-pearl. I saw one specially fine canoe, of which the natives appeared very proud. Each thwart consisted of a fish, carved in dark wood, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl; its high stem and stern were decorated with scarlet tassels, and coronets of the snow-white *Cyproea ovula*.

In these sheds too are seen the wooden gongs for summoning the people to feast or war, huge wooden cylinders in which they pound up their food, and numbers of small and often elaborately carved wooden bowls. The roof is literally covered with the jaw-bones of pigs and dogs, and the heads of

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porpoises and cow-fish; and what is more highly prized, rows of human skulls. These grim mementoes of their cannibal feasts contrast strangely with the graceful and highly decorated canoes.

There are at first a mystery about some wicker-work cases raised on poles by the side of some of the canoes, but I found out that these cases contained the bones of chiefs once the owners of the canoes near which the remains were placed. Here they told me they placed the bones, looking on them as still owning the canoe, which is never launched again.

"A Yachting Cruise in the South Seas"—C. F. WOOD.

